National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

We earnestly entreat all our brethren to read the following communication, from a minister of the Baltimore Annual Conference, calmly, carefully and prayerfully. The brother we know to be personally unconnected with the "great evil" of slavery, or slaveholding, while his opportunities for judging of the practical effects of the changes proposed in respect to our disciplinary rules on the subject are especially favourable, as he travels a circuit in one of the principal slaveholding counties of Maryland.—Ed.

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH IN THIS TIME OF DANGER.

Dear Doctor: When I consider the thousands who anxiously wait for the *Advocate* weekly, I do not deem it a small matter to occupy any of its columns. If you think the following reflections are of any importance, please publish them; if not, burn them, and let the multitude be fed. May God greatly prosper your efforts to preserve the peace of our beloved Zion.

Upon reading the sayings and doings of some of the Northern Conferences, in company with the fierce denunciations poured forth at public meetings, and circulated in different newspapers of the North, especially since the passage of the "Nebraska Bill," it seems to me that there is a determined purpose to pour out all the vials of their wrath upon the M. E. Church; and particularly in view of the coming General Conference. "Victory or death!" seems to be the motto.

On reading the resolutions of the —— Conference my mind was painfully led to the following train of reflections, with the coming storm before me. To betake ourselves to special prayer for the peace and prosperity of our beloved Zion, that God may not suffer her to be split into any more contending parties, seems to be an imperative duty. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee," &c. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee," is an injunction we are apt to forget in the day of prosperity. Mr. Wesley has said something like the following: "I would have more confidence in a company of old women praying than in a regiment of armed soldiers." Having the same confidence in prayer, I take the liberty of begging of all those who love the peace and prosperity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both North and South, to unite in calling upon God, in this our day of trouble, that he may deliver us from the threatened rupture, which may result in consequences terrible and fearful, such as we on the border have passed through—mobbing preachers, demolishing churches, breaking up congregations, arraying the son against the father, and the daughter against the mother; scattering arrows, firebrands, and death; and causing the enemy to exult. "There, there; so would we have it."

As slavery, the "great evil," is the object of attack by all the talent, the piety, the fiery denunciations, and horrible epithets of the North, openly denouncing the Christian ministry; and as nothing will satisfy the riders of this hobby, the men and womem of this one idea, but to break off all connection with slavery, will you allow me to state a few facts, and ask a few questions in connection with those facts, showing the difficulties of the border Conferences?

The population of this county (Prince George, Md.) is divided between the Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Churches, with a few scattering Presbyterians. Now, I venture to say that nineteen-twentieths of the slaves of this county belong to the members and friends of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches. The majority of our members have no slaves.

My first question in connection with these facts is, Shall we abandon all these slaves, 563 of whom are committed to our religious care on this circuit? Will this multitude, whom God has graciously given us, bad as we are, for preaching to them, and they for hearing us, be bettered in any way, soul or body, by our casting them off? Will they be bettered by becoming again enemies to God, and to themselves, by wicked works? I wish to speak cautiously, so as not to offend against other Churches; but I must say that the Methodist Episcopal Church is the home of the slave in this county, as some Northerners acknowledge with pleasure, who visit us and our congregations, and see black and white praying together, *and kneeling at the time of prayer too.* Will the condition of the slave be bettered by our withdrawing from them, or our being forbidden access to them, or they to us, which would be the inevitable consequence of the change in our Discipline, now so vehemently urged? Certainly nothing could work greater evil to our helpless coloured members. O, then, let us pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

My second question is, Shall we expel all slaveholders? or withdraw ourselves from them? Shall we expel the men and women gathered into the Church by the faith, the prayers and the toils of the men of God, whose holy and useful lives, and triumphant deaths, gave evidence that they were servants of the Most High God, who showed unto these people the way of salvation? They having gone to rest from their labours, many of them have left these as seals to their ministry, and received them into Church-fellowship on the conditions which our Discipline prescribes; which conditions they continue to fulfil. To add now a new and unscriptural condition of membership, "*ex post facto*," would be a grievous oppression—an unjust and cruel affliction. It would be a reflection upon the wisdom, the honesty, and the piety of our fathers to wage such a war against their work. But if we abandon the slaveholders, can they not, if so disposed, enter the Methodist Episcopal Church, South? The door stands open to receive them. This would only make bad worse. It would give additional power to the already successful resistance of the South, in repealing what they call the fanatical aggressions of the North. In the other Churches, many of them would never feel at home—no, never. Then we should have a repetition of mobs, tearing down churches, and every evil work consequent upon mob violence, such as has been on the border since 1844.

Stafford circuit, my appointment last year, and also in 1845, is a shameful and distressing monument of mob fury. The old Salem church lies in ruins, torn down to the very foundation; it is on the highway side. Other churches bear the marks of destruction commenced, but not finished. What lover of peace, in Church or State, can forget the fruits of division in Accomac? Abolition violence is preparing such work for our Church and people again. Well might the apostle say, "Mark them which cause divisions." I have marked some of them during the past twenty years, and have found that their race was short, and their end anything but glorious. As Joshua said to Achan, they troubled Israel, and God troubled them.

My dear friends, lovers of the peace of our once united, but now divided, distracted Church, call upon God in this day of trouble, that he may deliver us. Dear fathers of the Church which you laboured to plant, and which Satan is now sifting as wheat, come and help. You know the same causes will ever produce the same effects. Therefore, pray that God may save the Church.

The condition of neither slaves nor members of the Church, inextricably involved in the great evil, cannot be bettered, nor the object of the disturbers of the peace of the Church be obtained by the present fiery movement. One law of our unsanctified nature is, that violence kindles violence between parent and child, master and servant, and certainly between North and South. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly," &c., said Jesus Christ.

My third question is, What shall be done with that large and pious portion of our membership who have no connection with slavery on the border? They hate the "great evil," but love their brethren. We cannot part them if we try. Should we attempt it, they would say as Ruth said to Naomi: "Where ye go we will go; this people shall be our people, and their God our God." Dear brethren and sisters, let us pray that God may lift up a standard against the arch-enemy of God and his Church, who

> "Comes of hellish malice full,
> To scatter, tear and slay."

My fourth question is, Will it benefit the condition of the slaves to expel or withdraw ourselves from Methodist overseers? A considerable number of the overseers of this county are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The overseers superintend the feeding and clothing of the slaves in many instances. Should they withdraw from the "great evil," and their places be supplied by swearing, rum-drinking, Sabbath-breaking men, will this be an improvement? If in Solomon's day the tender mercies of the wicked were cruel, so is it now, North and South. Those who pity the condition of the slaves will not consider this as a trivial consideration.

My fifth question is, What is to become of myself? Suppose the Discipline changed at the next General Conference, and all connected with the "great evil" cast off, and the work of destruction commenced; it will require the inventive mind of a John Bunyan to give names to the different fragments of the broken up old ship of Zion. "Woe unto him through whom the offence cometh."

As a member of the loyal, honoured Baltimore Conference, one of the connecting links between the North and the South—witnessing against the "great evil" of slavery, not by ultraism, but by standing nobly, as our fathers have stood, on the Discipline as it was, and still is, I have felt safe and immovable, though North or South; and, like Luther, who sang in his stormy times the forty-sixth Psalm, I, with my brethren and sisters, yet sing, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. He has been and will be with us." I believe, after seventeen years in the Baltimore Conference, that we are better prepared to take care of the children which God has graciously given us than any others, North or South. I never could submit to any discipline, or any sentence of any Conference, forbidding my preaching to slaves or slaveholders. I would sooner gather around me white and black to sing—

> "O do not suffer him to part
> The souls that here agree";

and think I should be copying more closely the example of my blessed Master, who said, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." "They that are sick need the physician." If slaves and slaveholders are so bad sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem, that, in my mind, is a very Scriptural reason why I should remain among them, rather than be in any pewed, cushioned, organed church of the North. Dear brethren and sisters, pray for the preachers on the border.

My last question is, Has violent abolition done any real good for the Church or State? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Has not violence been met by violence, until it has brought forth the most alarming and treasonable doctrines and measures in our beloved country? The South, it is true, has gained the boon of slaveholding bishops, while the North, after the expected tearing up, will have the equally great privilege of Abolition bishops. Dearly bought are these privileges.

Again. Is it not evident that God has come down to deliver his people—the slaves—and is setting the captives free, by inclining many to liberate them, so that there are more applicants for Liberia than means to send them? Heaven is propitiously smiling upon this Christian and successful scheme.

I trust these remarks will bring out the wise and able heads and pens of the men who are the real friends of the Church and the slave, whose counsels and influence will tend to quench the violence of fire, and stop the mouths of lions, North and South. My object is not to provoke angry controversy, but to remind all Christians that effectual, fervent prayer availeth much. May it prove so now.

Father, when you read this, turn the attention of your family to it; and at the family altar pray that God may rebuke the storm, and restore peace to our bleeding, mourning Zion.

Class-leader, man of God, man of peace, if you read this, pray in your class that the Lord Jesus may again say, "Peace, be still"; for, if ever the breaking up takes place, instead of the abolition of slavery, it will be the abolition of brotherly kindness and charity.

Brethren in the ministry, local and travelling, and especially on the border, who have passed through the fire of persecution and slander, pray with your flocks around you, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach":

> "The day of battle is at hand,
> Go forth to glorious war."

Thus the weapons of our warfare, not being carnal, but spiritual, will be mighty through God in pulling down the strongholds. Amen and amen; and let all the friends of the Church, who daily pray for her peace and prosperity, say, Amen and amen. Then, instead of a tearing up at the next General Conference, our beloved Church "will come out of the wilderness leaning upon her Beloved, bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

Samuel W. Smith.

Bladensburg Circuit, Baltimore Con., Sept. 7, 1854.

Selections.

SLAVE-HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

It was reported on the streets (rather secretly), last week, that there were three Southern bloodhounds in our city, who were in search of fugitive slaves. Report says that three *ungrateful wretches*, unmindful of the blessings and benefits of slavery, which had been bestowed upon them from infancy up to manhood, without leave, took themselves from the State of Kentucky, and, having the North Star as their guide, wended their way into Queen Victoria's dominions. After tarrying a while there, they ventured across the line back into Detroit, on a visit or business, we did not enquire which, and while there were discovered by their pursuers, who had been searching for them, we know not how long; but that they succeeded in evading their grasp, and turned their steps this way. The hunters said they tracked them to our city, and were certain of catching them. Yes, how slick they did get them, didn't they? But how was this to be done? Well, *report says* that the *Hunters* having their papers all in readiness, they put them into the hands of our present *worthy* High Sheriff, and our *very efficient* City Marshal, and that they were searching our city through and through, for how many days we know not, perhaps they are at it yet.

Truly, if these reports are true, we came near to having a sight without the announcement by Bill or Bell-man; we may yet have the scene presented to our vision when we least expect it. The people will do well to keep their eyes skinned, that they may see if anything of this kind should transpire.

But of the officers in whose hands it is said the papers were placed. Did the voters of Allen county in giving their votes for our worthy Sheriff, who has been serving the county for a few years past, suppose they were electing a United States Marshall or one of his deputies? We presume not.

Did the citizens of this city, in giving their vote for our present *efficient* City Marshal, suppose they were electing a man to fill the place of a *human* being, or a *brute?* Have we, in the person of our Marshall, a *city officer*, or a *Southern Slave-Hunting Bloodhound?* Would it not be well for us, as citizens, to know something about this business? We most sincerely hope that our City Fathers, at their next meeting, will look into this business, and if the Marshal's office is filled by a *Southern Hound*, have a *brass collar*, with *his owner's name* engraved thereon in great big letters, so that all may see them clearly, put round his neck.

Our advice to the poor fugitive is—get into Canada if you can. If we can help you by giving you a cup of water or a meal of victuals, we will do it, gladly; but we say to those who have succeeded in getting into Canada once, *stay there;* don't cross the river again, for you are in the greatest danger of being caught up when you think not of it. Southerners are on the watch all through the country for you.—*Fort Wayne (Ia.) Standard.*

THE DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE.

From The Tribune.

Warren Co. (Miss.), Sept. 28, 1854.

Hon. Horace Greeley, New York City:

My object in addressing you these lines is this: I own a negro girl named Catharine, a bright mulatto aged between 28 and 30 years, who is intelligent and beautiful. The girl wishes to obtain her freedom and reside in either Ohio or New York State; and, to gratify her desire, I am willing to take the sum of $1,000, which the friends of Liberty will no doubt make up. Catharine, as she tells me, was born near Savannah, Ga., and was a daughter of Judge Hopkins, and, at the age of 7 years, accompanied her young mistress (who was a legitimate daughter of the Judge's) on a visit to New Orleans, where she (the legitimate) died. Catharine was then seized and sold by the Sheriff of New Orleans, under attachment, to pay the debts contracted in the city by her young mistress, and was purchased by a Dutchman named Shinoski. Shinoski, being pleased with the young girl's looks, placed her in a quadroon school and gave her a good education. The girl can read and write as well or better than myself, and speaks the Dutch and French language almost to perfection. When the girl attained the age of 18, Shinoski died, and she was again sold, and fell into a trader's hands, by the name of John Valentine, a native of your State. Valentine brought her up to Warrenton, where I purchased her, in 1844, for the sum of $1,150. Catharine is considered the best seamstress and cook in this county (Warren), and I could to-morrow sell her for $1,600, but I prefer letting her go for $1,000, so that she may obtain her freedom. She has had opportunities to get to a free State and obtain her freedom, but she says that she will never run away to do it. Her father, she says, promised to free her, and so did Shinoski. If I was able, I would free her without any compensation, but losing $15,000 on the last Presidential election has taken very near my all.

Mr. Geo. D. Prentice, editor of the *Louisville* (Ky.) *Journal*, knows me very well by character, to whom (if you wish to make any inquiries regarding this matter) you are at liberty to refer.

If you should make any publication in your paper in relation to this matter, you will please NOT mention my name in connection with it, nor *the place* whence this letter was written. Catharine is honest; and, for the ten years that I have owned her, I never struck her a lick, about her work or anything else.

If it was not that I intend to emigrate to California, money could not buy her.

I have given you a complete and accurate statement concerning this girl, and am willing that she shall be examined here or in Louisville, Ky., before the bargain is closed.

Very respectfully, Thos. K. Knowland.
Post-Office, Warrenton, Miss.

REPLY.

Mr. K., I have carried your letter of the 28th ult. in my hat for several days, awaiting an opportunity to answer it. I now seize the first opportune moment, and, as yours is one of a class with which I am frequently favoured, I will send you my reply through the *Tribune*, wishing it regarded as a general answer to all such applications.

Let me begin by frankly stating that I am not engaged in the Slave Trade, and do not now contemplate embarking in that business; but no man can say confidently what he may or may not become; and, if I ever *should* engage in the traffic you suggest, it will be but fair to remember you as among my prompters to undertake it. Yet even then I must decline any such examination as you proffer of the property you wish to dispose of. Your biography is so full and precise, so frank and straight-forward, that I prefer to rest satisfied with your assurance in the premises.

You will see that I have disregarded your request that your name and residence should be suppressed by me. That request seems to me inspired by a modesty and self-sacrifice unsuited to the Age of Brass we live in. Are you not seeking to do a humane and generous act? Are you not proposing to tax yourself $600 in order to raise an intelligent, capable, de-erving woman from slavery to freedom? Are you not proposing to do this in a manner perfectly lawful and unobjectionable, involving no surrender or compromise of "Southern Rights?" My dear Sir! such virtue must not be allowed to "blush unseen." Our age needs the inspiration of heroic examples, and those who would "do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame," must—by gentle violence, if need be—stand revealed to an amazed, admiring world. True, it might (and might not) have been still more astounding but for your unlucky gambling on the last Presidential Election, wherein it is hard to tell whether you who lost your money or those who won their President were most unfortunate. I affectionately advise you both never to do so again.

—And now as to this daughter of the late Judge Hopkins, of Savannah, Ga., whom you propose to sell me:

I cannot now remember that I have ever heard slavery justified on any ground which did not assert or imply that *it is the best condition for the negro.* The blacks, we are daily told, cannot take care of themselves, but sink into idleness, debauchery, squalid poverty and utter brutality, the moment the master's sustaining rule and care are withdrawn. If this is true, how dare you turn this poor dependent, for whose well-being you are responsible, over to me, who neither would nor could exert a master's control over her? If this slave ought not to be set at liberty, why do you ask me to bribe you with $1,000 to do her that wrong? If she ought to be, why should I pay you $1,000 for doing your duty in the premises? *You* hold a peculiar and responsible relation to her, through your own voluntary act, but *I* am only related to her through Adam, the same as to every Esquimaux, Patagonian or New Zealander. Whatever may be *your* duty in the premises, why should I be called on to help you discharge it?

Full as your account of this girl is, you say nothing of her children, though such she undoubtedly has, whether they be also those of her several masters, as she was, or their fathers were her fellow-slaves. If she is liberated and comes North, what is to become of them? How is she to be reconciled to leaving them in slavery? How can we be assured that the masters who own or to whom you will sell them before leaving for California will prove as humane and liberal as you are?

You inform me that "the friends of Liberty" in New York or hereabout "will, no doubt, make up" the $1,000 you demand, in order to give this daughter of a Georgia Judge her freedom. I think and trust you misapprehend them. For though they have, to my certain knowledge, under the impulse of special appeals to their sympathies and in view of peculiar dangers or hardships, paid a great deal more money than they could comfortably spare (few of them being rich) to buy individual slaves out of bondage, yet their judgment has never approved such payment of tribute to man-thieves, and every day's earnest consideration causes it to be regarded with less and less favour. For it is not the snatching of here and there a person from slavery, at the possible rate of one for every thousand increase of our slave population, that they desire, but the overthrow and extermination of *the slaveholding system;* and this end, they realize, is rather hindered than helped by their buying here and there a slave into freedom. If by so buying ten thousand a year, at a cost of Ten Millions of Dollars, they should confirm you and other slaveholders in the misconception that slavery is regarded without abhorrence by intelligent Christian freemen at the North, they would be doing great harm to their cause and injury to their fellow-Christians in bondage. You may have heard, perhaps, of the sentiment proclaimed by Decatur to the slaveholders of the Barbary Coast—"Millions for defence—not a cent for tribute!"—and perhaps also of its counterpart in the Scotch ballad—

> "Instead of broad pieces, we'll pay them broadswords"—

but "the friends of Liberty" in this quarter will fight her battle neither with lead nor steel—much less with gold. Their trust is in the might of Opinion—in the resistless power of Truth where Discussion is untrammelled and Commercial Intercourse constant—in the growing Humanity of our age—in the deepening sense of Common Brotherhood—in the swelling hiss of Christendom and the just benignity of God. In the earnest faith that these must soon eradicate a wrong so gigantic and so palpable as Christian slavery, they serenely await the auspicious hour which must surely come.

Requesting you, Mr. K., *not* to suppress my name in case you see fit to reply to this, and to be assured that I write no letter that I am ashamed of, I remain, Yours, so-so,

Horace Greeley.

Mr. T. K. Knowland, Warrenton, Miss.

THE WAR OF THE NULLIFIERS WITH GEN. CASS —A NEW PHASE OF THE BATTLE.

There is an old and familiar proverb that when a certain class of people fall out, a certain other and far more meritorious class get their dues. Without intending anything offensive, we cannot help expressing our conviction that, in the controversy which has recently broken out between General Cass and the Nullifiers in the Richmond *Enquirer*, the truth and wisdom of the proverb we have alluded to is likely to receive a new and striking illustration.

There is a fair prospect that the false colours under which the Nebraska bark has been navigating at the North will be pulled down, and the real purpose of the pirates who command it be duly signalized at the fore.

We have before us an article from the Richmond *Enquirer*, devoted to what it professes to consider an official defence of Mr. Cass, made by the Detroit *Free Press*, in which the *Enquirer* utterly disclaims the doctrine professed by Cass—and by Douglas, too, when speaking to the brass bands in this city—and by all the northern supporters of the Nebraska bill—that the people of the territory have a right to determine for themselves whether they will allow slaves to be held as property within their borders. The *Enquirer* insists that the people not only have no right to exclude slaves from the territory, but that it is the duty of Congress to secure to slaveholders the privilege of taking their human property into the territories and enjoying it there in safety. It insists that our federal legislation—we quote its language—"may interfere to protect slavery in territories, but not prohibit it." But, that our readers may see that we do not misrepresent the *Enquirer*, we quote the paragraph entire:

"The second and third articles in the Cass creed appear to be only different sentiments of the same proposition, and both do, in fact, affirm the doctrine of squatter sovereignty; but the sweeping negation in the second of all power in Congress to legislate respecting slavery in the territories amounts to an independent, substantive principle, which, as the legitimate inference from the squatter sovereignty doctrine, aggravates the absurdity and mischief of the original proposition. We of the South contend not simply that Congress may, but that Congress must, legislate respecting slavery in the territories, in certain circumstances and under certain limitations. We not only affirm the power, but we claim its exercise, when necessary, as a matter of right with us, and of duty on the part of Congress. Slavery is a species of property, and is entitled to all the safeguards and securities which protect other kinds of property. The constitution recognises it as property, and Congress, as the supreme legislative authority in the territories, must guarantee to it all the immunities of property. Thus, if the slaveholder from the South settles in a territory in which there is no adequate protection to his property against the violence of the Abolitionists, it becomes the duty of Congress to interpose for his security. So, likewise, if there be any artificial barrier of foreign law which repels slavery from the common domain, Congress must interpose to remove the obstacle. Hence, in 1850, the present Secretary of War, then a Senator from Mississippi, proposed that Congress should repeal the Mexican laws which prohibited slavery in Utah and New Mexico—contending, nevertheless, as we do, that the constitution *proprio vigore* effected their repeal, and carried slavery into the forbidden territory. If this principle of Congressional intervention is clear and indisputable, the limitation on its exercise is equally so. Congress may intervene in pursuance of the constitution, not against it. Congress may interpose to further the ends of justice and equality, but not of wrong and oppression. Congress may *interfere to protect slavery in the territories, but not to prohibit it.* This principle, which is the doctrine of Mr. Calhoun and the State rights school, is clearly stated and conclusively though concisely argued, in the following paragraps:

"'The territories of the United States belong to the several States composing this Union, and are held by them as their joint and common property.

"'Congress, as the joint agent and representative of the States of this Union, has no right to make any law, or do any act whatever that shall, directly or by its effects, make any discrimination between the States of this Union, by which any of them shall be deprived of its full and equal right to any territory of the United States, acquired or to be acquired.

"'The enactment of any law which should directly or by its effects deprive the citizens of any of the States of this Union from emigrating, with their property, into any of the territories of the United States, will make such discrimination, and would, therefore, be a violation of the constitution and the rights of the States from which such citizens emigrated, and in derogation of that perfect equality which belongs to them as members of this Union, and would tend directly to subvert the Union itself.'

"So much for the doctrine of Congressional non-intervention, which Gen. Cass maintains without any warrant in the constitution or in reason—which the State rights party disputes and discredits by irresistible argument and decisive authority."

Here we see what Virginia thinks about the popular sovereignty interpretation of the Nebraska bill. The *Enquirer* professes to speak for the whole South, and quotes the opinion of a member of the Cabinet, Mr. Jefferson Davis, in support of its view. But, surely, this is not the entertainment to which Mr. Cochrane invited us at Tammany Hall and in the Syracuse Convention. We have been schooled, in season and out of season, by the Apostles of the Custom House to believe that, in repealing the Missouri Compromise, the government was vindicating the supreme right of the people of the territories to govern themselves, and to do as they please about having slaves among them. We were congratulated upon the beneficent operations of a law which was to inaugurate this important principle into our system of territorial legislation, and those who, like ourselves, read the bill as the Richmond *Enquirer* reads it were at once cast into outer darkness by the Administration presses, where we heard nothing but gnashing of teeth. Now, we would like to know who speaks for the Government upon this question, the Surveyor of this port or the Secretary of War? who interprets the fundamental policy of the bill, General Cass, or Senators Hunter and Mason who "wood and water" the Richmond *Enquirer?*

What thinks Governor Seymour? Does he, in running with the Syracuse "machine," intend to congratulate his constituents upon the privilege extended to the Kansas and Nebraska settlers of doing as they please about legalizing slave labour in those territories, or upon the security they have in the guardian care of Congress to protect them in the enjoyment of slave labour in defiance of their wishes? If there is any person or thing, any journal or instrument, man or woman, master or servant, in the State or County, authorized to throw any light upon this point, we beg one or all to speak out at once and frankly, so that those who have yet to vote this Fall may not go to the polls blindfolded.

Pending the response, which we hope to receive in due season, we append the concluding paragraph of the article in the *Enquirer*, the snapper to the whip which the Nullifiers' organ has been laying over the back of the venerable Senator from Michigan:

"The allusion in the closing paragraph from the *Free Press* to a controversy in which an editor of this journal was involved, whilst connected with the Washington *Union*, does not carry the sting which the writer meant it to convey. It is true, public opinion was then against us, but we had the temerity to defy the delusion of the hour, and now we have the satisfaction to know that the 'sober second thought' of the country approves our course. It is not surprising that the apologist of General Cass should reproach us with foolish obstinacy in sacrificing position and profit to an honest conviction, since experience has instructed him that a ready versality of principle is the surest way to fortune."

Is the *Enquirer* trying to establish another "raw"?—*Evening Post.*

THE NEW CONGRESS—WHAT ARE THE PROSPECTS OF FREEDOM?

The following table exhibits the result of the Congressional elections in the eleven States which have voted, compared with the present Congress:

	New Congress.		Present Congress.	
	Admin.	Opp.	Admin.	Opp.
Arkansas	2	0	2	0
California	2	0	2	0
Florida	1	0	1	0
Maine	1	5	3	3
Vermont	0	3	0	3
Missouri	1	6	3	4
Pennsylvania	5	20	16	9
Ohio	0	21	12	9
Indiana	2	9	1	10
Iowa	1	1	1	1
South Carolina	6	0	6	0
Total	21	65	47	39

Administration majority in the present Congress, 8; opposition majority in the new Congress, 44. Loss to the Administration, 52.

In the above table we have conceded the election of Fuller in the 6th District in Maine, though it is not improbable that Milliken may receive the certificate on account of fatal informalities down in Aroostook.

But it is not of so much consequence that the Administration is in a minority in these States; we want to know how slavery and the slave power stands, compared with freedom and the free power. So we are obliged to place the six Missouri Whigs with the 21 Administration men, giving slavery 27, and leaving freedom only 59—a majority of only 32.

One hundred and forty-eight members are yet to be chosen, 74 from free States and 74 from slave States. In the contest upon slavery, it is not safe to rely upon any southern member for a vote on the right side—so we may add 74 to the 27 already chosen, and yield the slaveholders 101 members without further remark. A full house consists of 234 members, a majority being 118. The only question, then, is, can the slaveholders get 17 more members from the free States yet to elect. These States are the following:

States.	Members.
New Hampshire	3
Massachusetts	11
Rhode Island	2
Connecticut	4
New York	33
New Jersey	5
Illinois	9
Michigan	4
Wisconsin	3
Total	74

We cannot see where the seventeen pro-slavery men are to come from. There may be one in New Hampshire, one in Connecticut, three or four in New York, one or two in Illinois, and one or two in New Jersey—but at the utmost here are only *ten.* This calculation renders it close work, but we believe that freedom is bound to succeed.

"So you expect a sectional contest in the next Congress, instead of the old-fashioned Whig and Democratic struggle," says some nervous old gentleman. We are in hopes to have one, we must say—and a sectional one that shall give fair play to a section too long neglected, that is the North. We have never of late years, in fact never in the whole course of our history, had anything else but sectional contests, in which the slaveholding section has got the victory. It is quite time to begin to score upon the other side. The day which shall see an anti-slavery man chosen Speaker of the House, whether a Free Soiler like Giddings and Wade, a Whig like Galloway or Meacham, or one of the Washburns, or a Democrat like Grow or Mace, will be a day of progress and of emancipation from a hateful political servitude.

It is quite a curious fact that the only States in which the Administration and the slave power expect any aid and comfort are the Whig States, like New York and Massachusetts. While the States of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Maine are effectually crushing out the doughfaces by a fusion of Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers into the republican movement, New York and Massachusetts are split up into fragments, and it is by no means improbable that half-a-dozen or more Nebraska men may slip into Congress through the division of their enemies. The presumption is a violent one, as to our own State, but not at all so as to New York.—*Boston Telegraph.*

*Since the above was written, a telegraphic dispatch from Cincinnati, dated October 16, says: "From Indiana we learn that the election of all the anti-Nebraska Congressmen is certain."

Slaves Liberated.—The Rev. T. D. Herndon, his wife and two sisters, have liberated forty-eight slaves, who will be sent to Liberia in November. They will be accompanied by eight free coloured persons, who are connected to them by marriage, and by seven other slaves similarly connected, who will be liberated by different persons, to accompany those of Mr. Herndon. Mr. Thaddeus Herndon will also send out a family of eight slaves at the same time, if the requisite amount of money is raised for the purpose. Their owners are unable to give them anything besides their freedom and an outfit, and the Colonization Society has undertaken to raise the means of sending them to Liberia.

In order to meet the emergency, the Secretary, Mr. McLain, sent to 426 of his friends a statement of the case, with a call upon them for ten dollars each, by which means he proposed to raise the requisite amount of 4,260 dollars. We learn that more than three hundred have responded handsomely. G.

—*National Era.*

Why not take the 4,260 dollars, which are so readily forthcoming, and purchase some of the rich land in "this Canada," for the fifty-six persons, instead of spending it in paying their passage across the ocean, to a country where each individual is liable to at least six months' sickness, by way of getting inured to the climate, and, should he be provided for during that time, will have nothing to begin the world with but a ruined constitution; thus clearly throwing away 26 years of time, and worse than throwing away nearly four thousand dollars.

Supposing those people to be divided into families of four persons each, the sum first mentioned would pay their passage to Canada, purchase 100 acres of good land, cast down, and build a comfortable log house thereon, for each family, besides furnishing them with six months' provision, to say nothing of the capital stock of health possessed with which to begin life, for its importance to settlers in a new country cannot be estimated.

We wonder that the suggestive and prophetic G., who tells us so learnedly what becomes of us through all the different stages of "ascent" up to the one where we merge into the "Great Anglo-Saxon" mass, and who gives such elaborately-written articles on our "manifest destiny," does not call the attention of the friends who always respond handsomely when a "cargo of blacks" is about to be shipped to Africa, to this great northern field for their benevolent operations.

But we had forgotten that G. thinks that "manifest destiny" points to our final establishment somewhere in or bordering on the tropical regions; and if that will be a "fact," of course we will not suppose him to be so daring as to be found working against destiny.

At last, though, there is one part of the subject upon which we would like to be enlightened; it is this: After having arrived, it is said, at such a state of perfection that we can and do take a position among the whites—although there are still a few drops of African blood in our veins—"manifest destiny" ceases at once to impel us towards the tropics; we are immediately invested with the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in any part of the earth, and the natural qualifications necessary to maintaining it. Now, why manifest destiny is so arbitaary as to restrict all of the shades from jet black "up" to the one that ranks with the Anglo-Saxon to one belt around the earth, while the last one, although not white, is allowed to be a participant in all of the rights, in all the earth, is hard for "common minds" to comprehend. We are strongly inclined to fall out with "destiny" entirely, because it seems disposed to be partial.

Why persons who, with their ancestors for several generations, have been born in northern climates, and who are as nearly related to the European as the African, should be impelled, manifestly, towards the warm countries as their proper home, and why the African element, although the lesser, should exert such a controlling influence, until the grade is reached where the last thin layer of white paint causes the scale to preponderate on the other side, at the same time scattering manifest destiny to the winds, are questions which we hope some of the wise ones will answer.

Upon after consideration of what we have said, we have come to the conclusion that there may be more in the "destiny" than had been dreamed of in our "philosophy." It may, indeed, be something of the kind which is impelling the Administration at Washington to wish to obtain possession of Cuba, Hayti, and other tropical islands, and to make such world-renowned military achievements as that lately witnessed at Greytown, all of which places are said to be "manifestly" part and parcel of the great Republic.

In consideration of these facts, which do indeed seem to give the doctrine of manifest destiny some claim to consideration, we would advise those who, like Henry A. Wise, are so concerned about the purity of Anglo-Saxon blood, so anxious that it shall not become contaminated, to look up the census reports, and otherwise institute a careful inquiry, to ascertain whether their Southern brethren, although ranking with the whites, should not properly be given their true place among the coloured people; for, if not, how can "manifest destiny," which impels towards the tropic, have any effect on them. C.

—*Provincial Freeman.*

VIRGINIA RUINS.

The *Richmond Enquirer* praises very much, in a leading article, a collection of sketches of the ruins of Jamestown, made by a Virginian artist. The painter has performed the pious work of an Old Mortality, and the editor is grateful therefor, and lyrical, at the same time, in his sentimentalism over the past. We have no doubt a good work has been begun by the artist; but he should not stop with Jamestown. The ruins of that place but typify the ruins of Virginia at large, and all her ruins are equally deserving artistic record. For example: Norfolk is commercially a ruin; and Mount Vernon domestically another ruin; and Richmond, if not a ruin, might as well be one as be sustained by the trade in human flesh. The fields of Virginia, too, are ruined: pride and folly, and tobacco-raising, chewing and spitting have contributed to wear them out and drive the chivalry to new lands. The people, too, are intellectually ruined. There are eighty thousand white human ruins who can neither read nor write; and there are some hundreds of thousands of illegitimate mulatto ruins, without the position of manhood or womanhood, liable to be sold by their white parents or brothers and sisters at any moment, to make up for real estate ruins. Ruin nestles in the Dismal Swamp and in the Alleghanies; in the village, and on the old estate. All is ruin. Even the old pride of a Washington, praying that the Legislature might abolish slavery, is succeeded by the ruin of justice and the defence of what the good and great men of Virginia—the Lees, the Jeffersons, the Henrys—mourned. Ruin, moral and material, of ethics, of fields, cities and towns. Even Virginia, "impersonation of the high-born aristocrat," as she is, cannot keep Mr. Sully to continue his mementos of her ruin. The editor regrets "to know that he speaks of leaving Virginia, having received advantageous offers in another part of the Union." This, however, is not like Old Mortality. He stuck to his ruins, and did not rat it.

Alas! that there should be ruins in Virginia—her earliest settlements leading the way to the oblivion awaiting her older ones, and that human shambles should only postpone the day of her desolation. Unless she adopts a new policy and seeks profit in some more wholesome business than slave-breeding, she will, we fear, be given totally over to bats and owls. But we do not fear that consummation for her; she will yet seek safety in freedom, popular education and honest industry. The way to this result may be long and difficult, but Virginia has once come near it, and, though abounding in ruins, she is not altogether dead. The world will once witness her resuscitation.—*Tribune.*

"THE ORTHODOX FAITH."—*Nicholas.*

During the progress of our friend Mr. Parker Pillsbury through England and Scotland, he has discovered what all in these countries who take a warm interest in the anti-slavery cause know before—that the chief difficultics in the way of a general diffusion of that interest arise from the efforts of countrymen of his own, generally coloured clergymen, who effect their object in one of two ways. Either they represent that those Abolitionists in the United States who do most to expose the enormity and impolicy of slavery are infidels, and therefore not deserving of cooperation or sympathy, or they endeavour to turn the tide of British sympathy to some scheme having no special anti-slavery object, but of more immediate benefit to themselves.

It is undeniable that if every man, woman and child in America who really abhors slavery, and labours for its overthrow, *were* an infidel, the wickedness of slavery is all the same, nor is our duty to labour for its overthrow in the smallest degree lessened. It is also clear that no amount of churches or ministers for the coloured race, whether bond or free; nor of coloured schools or colleges; nor of vigilance committees, to protect and secure the escape of fugitive slaves; nor of missions to assist those who have effected their escape into Canada, can do much for the anti-slavery cause. This can only be effectually promoted in the United States; by convincing all slaveholders who regard the true prosperity of their country that chattel slavery is impolitic and unprofitable, in the sense of true policy and eventual benefit; and by showing the Free States that it is utterly wrong, inconsistent, and foolish, for Christians and republicans to uphold or countenance slavery.

This change the Abolitionists labour to effect by lectures, by the publication of newspapers, the diffusion of tracts and pamphlets, by preaching and by practice. They keep a vigilant watch over the whole field of anti-slavery labour; they record and expose the enormities and encroachments of the slave power; its cruelties; its treasons against republicanism and humanity; its wily policy, and its successes, owing to the apathy, complicity, or ignorance of the people of the free States. The Abolitionists never cease from their labours. If they did so, the slaveholders would speedily have their baleful system in actual operation over the whole Union; for no other class of opponents keep up a steady war against them.

The true Abolitionist is uncompromising. He knows and feels that his object is right, and that no pretence of religion or policy which opposes him is deserving of respect. If

very last General Assembly, that "*every Presbyterian in the South holds slaves who can, and that every one holds as many as are possible or profitable*"; a body that sell at auction the heathen it has made at home, and with the price sends missionaries to Madagascar and Bibles to Bombay; thus doing what even the crucifiers of God's immaculate Son did not dare to do, in all the deep desperation of their depravity. They could buy him of the betraying Judas for crucifixion; but when the repenting Judas brought back the money, and cast it at their feet, they did not dare put it into the treasury of the Lord, "because it was the price of blood." They could buy Him of a betrayer and traitor. They could mock Him and scourge Him, buffet Him and spit upon Him They could nail Him to the cross, and make mirth of His dying agonies; agonies on which the sun refused to shine; agonies on which the earth shudder and tremble; agonies that rent the rock; that burst the iron bars of the grave, and waked dead saints to life. In the midst of such scenery and surroundings, they could enact the fearful tragedy. But the price of their victim they dared not consecrate to God, because it is was the price of blood. Dr. Pennington and the American Presbyterian church seem to have no scruples like these, so honourable to humanity. In such a connection, can Dr. Pennington go in his own country. There he coolly sits, speaks and acts in all matters of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. There, too, he prays, preaches, baptizes, and performs all other of the more spiritual requirements, to the full satisfaction of his slave-breeding and slave-driving brotherhood.

And this Dr. Pennington is the man to blast and brand with false and foul charges of infidelity, and other more odious impeachments, the only body of men and women in America, if not in the world, who are earnestly and honestly labouring day and night, through *evil* if not *good* report, to overthrow the vilest slave system that ever defied Omnipotence, or scourged or degraded the human race; to overthrow it not only in order to deliver its victims, but to save the oppressor too; and to rescue Christianity from becoming the merriment and mockery of all the vile and truth-hating, the time-serving and tyranical, among the emissaries of evil throughout the earth.

Nor is Pennington alone in this work of darkness. It is painful to find that quite a number have done much the same thing, under circumstances more or less similar. Frequently have I been pointed to their testimony, to show "that Garrison is an infidel, and that the American Anti-Slavery Society is now reduced to a mere handful of infidels and atheists, contemners of the Sabbath, despisers of the Bible, the church, marriage, and the ministry." In a printed book I saw that one of these ministers was moving and melting his audiences in Great Britain, by declaring that he owed it to the efforts of a pious, praying mother that he himself had not been made a thorough infidel, by the seductive wiles of the Garrisonian Abolitionists.

The name of a number of the professed Abolitionists, with many of their saying and doings, are before me, similar in character to those now under examination. It is painful to me thus to speak of them; but far more painful, as well as criminal, would it be to suffer such things to pass unnoticed and unrebuked. If in Great Britain there are those who would aid the anti-slavery cause, shall they be prevented by a member and minister of the pro-slavery Presbyterian Church of America, who represents the anti-slavery cause as infidelity? Was there ever such God-defying infidelity as that American Presbyterianism, to which Dr. Pennington belongs, of which he is a member, a minister, and even a doctor of Divinity? Can more monstrous scepticism, more daring atheism, be found than that which sells God's image in the market as a brute beast—which sells God himself even, in the person of his children—which puts the virtue of two millions of women in the power of every brutal ravisher in the land, leaving them no protection on the one hand, nor redress on the other, either from law, public opinion, or religion—which advertises and sells the lambs from the sheep, the calf from the cow, the foal from its dam, and the babe from its mother, all in the same inventory, and at the same auction? Did Paganism, Popery, or Pandemonium, ever produce infidelity or atheism comparable to that? And yet all this is done, *all, and more, oh! and far worse, by Dr. Pennington's own church*—by the Presbyterian Church, and by the Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal and Congregational Churches in the United States!

Now, none of these men, so far as I can learn, ever have risen higher in their mission to Britain than "vigilance committees," and aid for "Canada fugitives." They have never grappled with the great colossal curse and crime itself, and shown how it is sustained by the American Church, and by those British Churches, too, that still hold out the hand of Christian brotherhood and fellowship to those baptized man-stealers, whose garments hang heavy about them, drenched in the blood of their innocent victims. Most of them continue in that church, and brand as infidels those who, for the love of God and the slave, have come out of it and exposed its character.

I have spoken of the condition of the fugitives in Canada in contrast with the poor of Manchester, not that Manchester is worse than other English or American cities of equal size and similar business; nor yet because there may not be need of aid for those who have escaped the fiery furnace of slavery, to be free under the softer sway of her British Majesty; but there can be no need that so many come to this country to solicit aid for these fugitives. No important results have ever been reported from these missions; none ever can or will be. There surely is no need that this, or the "vigilance committee," or the mythic "Chaplain fund" cause, be represented with, or classed with the cause of anti-slavery; and, above all, there can be no reason (or but one) why the agents and solicitors for these objects should join the wicked as well as senseless lie, that those who oppose American churches on *anti-slavery grounds* are infidels, in any sense but one honourable to themselves and to God, and necessary to the deliverance of the slave, and the salvation of the oppressor.

The physical condition of the slaves in Canada is surely not what it has been often represented. One of the fugitives, a very intelligent preacher, recently addressed a large meeting in Ohio. He said there are now 35,000 escaped slaves in Canada, mostly in a flourishing condition, on account of the high price of labour on the long railways now under construction. In one town, he says, there are 750 families, who are rapidly acquiring property in land. In another, he says, 130 families already own a tract of land 9,000 acres in extent. And he further said that all the land now owned by fugitives in Canada West amounted to 25,000 acres. But these are not the kind of facts presented always by those whose professed object is the collection of funds for fugitives in Canada.

One of these men, after a somewhat successful career in collecting moneys in England and Scotland for fugitive purposes, has gone in a very comfortable condition to a pastoral charge in the West Indies. Never did the American anti-slavery cause more need the efforts of all true men than now. How could a *true* man forsake it? Another of these fugitive missionaries, who, I am told, has been eminently successful in his collections, is soon also to retire to the West Indies, to conduct the concerns of a very large plantation in the growth of cotton, rice, and the productions common to those islands. And I could tell of others whose anti-slavery labours in the same department have met with similar success, and reached a similar termination. How far such labours as theirs conduce to procure comfortable pastoral charges, and West Indian plantations on which to quarter, it is not for me to say. My testimony, however, is, that *in the real anti-slavery work*, that which goes down and wrestles with the monster in deadly encounter, the compensations are widely different from these. And besides, the genuine Abolitionist, whose heart and soul are wholly in the work, will not be turned off at such a time as this to other and more secular employments. It seems to me no pay, no pastorship, no plantation, could seduce him. With his eye on the slave and his oppressor, he would stand firm to his post, untrammelled by party, unawed by power, unbribed by paltry lucre, uninfluenced by any earthly consideration. With him in a country like America, where oppression is the sin, the cause of the slave would be the cause of humanity, the cause of God. He would say, "If I forget thee, oh, poor bondman, weeping and wailing in thy chains, let my right hand forget its cunning, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; nay, let it be cold and silent in death ere it cease to plead thy cause!" And thus devoted he would press onward in his work, finding rich reward in its full and faithful performance, and waiting for a final blessedness in the bright abodes of the glorified above. Yours, Mr. Editor, for such consecration,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Glasgow, 9th Sept., 1854.

PROSPECT OF SLAVERY IN KANSAS.—A correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat*, who writes from Cotton Wood Spring in Kansas, anticipates the conversion to slave-driving of many of the northern immigrants into that territory. He says:

"There is a good deal of trouble everywhere among the squatters. They are jumping each other's claims every day, and the consequence is a fight, or an appeal to the Committee of Vigilance. Desirable claims are sometimes very warmly contested. This, thus far, has existed only among pro-slavery men from the bordering counties of Missouri. The people from the East come peaceably, quietly and cautiously, and take great care to interfere with the rights of no one else, but are resolved to protect their own. I have met with very many of them, and the prejudice which is nurtured and cherished in the South by those who have not come in contact with them has been entirely dissipated in me. I have been led to believe that they will make the most useful citizens that a new country can have, and therefore I have wholly changed my views and am glad to see them come in large numbers. I have met with several gentlemen who have been sent out to select good locations for the emigration of whole connections, which will constitute neighbourhoods of their own, in which all pursuits can be successfully prosecuted. Some of these gentlemen are from Michigan, New-York and Massachusetts. They have nothing to do with the Emigration Society. I met the Rev. Wm. H. Hall, who came from Massachusetts as missionary. He appears to be a pious and upright man, and talks calmly and sensibly on the subject of slavery, although he is firmly opposed to it in principle. We argued the question in all its bearings, and he expressed his views freely and fully. I found, however, that he was wholly misinformed as to the condition and social position of the slaves of the South, and that he had gathered his facts from high-wrought representations of some instances of barbarity on the part of inhuman masters, which had shocked the sensibilities of all southern people, and from such scenes as are portrayed by the imagination of the Stowes. Such, indeed, is about the amount and character of information which most of the Northern people have of this institution. Mr. Hall is in favour of colonization. I have not met with any avowed Abolitionists, though I strongly suspect many of being so. They have the discretion to keep quiet on that subject. It could do no good and might produce evil; for the feeling of the Southern people here is strong and bitter against that class of people, and for a man to declare himself one would be very sure to produce difficulties. Upon the question of Free Soil and the right of Congress to legislate for the territories, &c., people differ here as they do in the States, and no Southern man has any objection to citizens of the Northern States with Free Soil views locating among them, for they are all alike law-abiding people, but they do hate and detest Abolitionists with an intensity which knows no abatement or modification. If it were not for the fact that this country is peculiarly adapted to the growth of hemp, I should not hesitate to say that it will be a free State. But as hemp is the most profitable crop that can be cultivated—yielding to the husbandman, in such a soil as this, at least $50 to the acre—and as its cultivation suits the labour of the negro, I *doubt very much whether many of the Northern men will not find it to their convenience, as well as interest, to turn slavery* men, and vote for this institution in the formation of the Government. It is rather early yet to form any correct judgment on this point."

THE WIND BLOWING TO THE NORTH—FILLMORE ONCE MORE AN ABOLITIONIST—A WINK TO THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

[From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 13.]

A RELUCTANCE to see the name of a respected fellow-citizen, who has discharged with honour high public trusts and retired to the shades of private life, bandied about in the newspapers as an instrument of party warfare, led us to hope that, after the temperate and sufficient reply to the charge of inconsistency which we made a day or two ago, this matter would be suffered to drop. When the time shall come for the political life of Mr. Fillmore to be dealt with by dispassionate and impartial history, there is no act of his, either while in office or a candidate for office, that will not reflect honour on his character.

It is true, his official career is public property; but if the ephemeral press choose to make it the subject of comment, we insist that they have no right to distort the facts of his life, nor to garble and misrepresent his writings. Since circumstances and the duty of self-defence demand it at our hands, we shall take this opportunity to give an authentic account of Mr. Fillmore's course when a candidate for office—a course which we are impelled to say presents a gratifying contrast to that of the present candidates of the Whig party. We hope, if it be not too late, that they may learn from his instructive example what are the principles and the conduct befitting condidates for important offices when interrogated by parties to which they do not belong.

Mr. Fillmore's whole history, in this respect, is comprised in two letters, one written in 1838 and the other ten years later. both of which we copy in full. The first is in reply to one addressed to him by a committee of the Erie County Anti-Slavery Society, and we beg that the reader will remark that, while he agrees with them in opinion, he refuses, in the most emphatic language, and for most forcible reasons, to give any pledges as to his future course. After the cringing, sycophantic espistles of Messrs. Clark, Raymond and the rest, it is with no less pride than pleasure that we turn back to the independent tone, manly dignity and firm assertion of the rights pertaining to office found in Mr. Fillmore's letter:

"BUFFALO, Oct. 17, 1838.

"SIR: Your communication of the 15th inst., as Chairman of a Committee appointed by 'The Anti-Slavery Society of the County of Erie,' has just come to hand. You solicit my answer to the following interrogatories:

"'1st. Do you believe that petitions to Congress, on the subject of slavery and the slave trade, ought to be received, read and respectfully considered by the representatives of the people?

"'2d. Are you opposed to the annexation of Texas to this Union under any circumstances, so long as slaves are held therein?

"'3d. Are you in favour of Congress exercising all the constitutional power it possesses to abolish the internal slave trade between States?

"'4th. Are you in favour of immediate legislation for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia?'

"I am much engaged, and have no time to enter into an argument or to explain at length my reasons for my opinion. I shall, therefore, content myself for the present by answering all your interrogatories in the affirmative, and leave for some future occasion a more extended discussion of the subject.

"I would, however, take this occasion to say, that, in thus frankly giving my opinion, I would not desire to have it understood in the nature of a pledge. At the same time that I seek no disguises, but freely give my sentiments on any subject of interest to those for whose suffrages I am a candidate, I am opposed to giving any pledges that shall deprive me hereafter of all discretionary power. My own character must be the guaranty for the general correctness of my legislative department. On every important subject I am bound to deliberate before I act, and especially, as a legislator, to possess myself of all the information, and listen to every argument that can be adduced by my associates, before I give a final vote.

"If I stand pledged to a particular course of action I cease to be a responsible agent; but I become a mere machine. Should subsequent events show beyond all doubt that the course I had become pledged to pursue was ruinous to my constituents and disgraceful to myself, I have no alternative, no opportunity for repentance, and there is no power to absolve me from my obligation. Hence the impropriety, not to say absurdity, in my view, of giving a pledge.

"I am aware that you have not asked my pledge, and I believe I know your sound judgment and good sense too well to think you desire any such thing. It was, however, to prevent any misrepresentation on the part of others that I have felt it my duty to say thus much on this subject.

"I am, respectfully,

"Your most obedient servant,

"MILLARD FILLMORE.

"W. Mills, Esq., Chairman, &c."

This other letter to which we have referred was written in reply to the Native Americans of Boston. Like the last, it presents an honourable contrast to those of more recent candidates for office, and with it forms a code of political ethics for men who, after having been put in nomination, are interrogated and desired to pledge themselves by outsiders; a code which embodies the requirements both of personal self-respect and party obligations.

Mr. Fillmore has always refused to give *any* pledges to those who have propounded inquiries to him subsequent to his nomination by the Whig party, and, *a fortiori*, has *never pledged himself to support a platform inconsistent with that of the party to which he belonged.*

"ALBANY, June 17, 1848.

"JOHN E. GOWEN, Esq.—*Sir*: I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., in which you desire my views on certain points expressed in your letter. These inquiries are doubtless addressed to me in consequence of my recent nomination for the Vice-Presidency; but while I never have, and trust I never shall, shrink from any official responsibility that may be cast upon me, I am admonished by the experience of others that, as the candidate of the party that has put me in nomination, I am not at liberty now to make up and publish my political faith.

"A Whig Convention, without solicitation on my part, has generously taken me upon trust; and if there be any other sect or party that have sufficient confidence in my patriotism and integrity, to give me their support on the same conditions, I shall be grateful for the favour; but must say to all, that my past conduct is the only pledge I can give for my future course. I must be at liberty, when called upon to act, to do what I think is right.

"Trusting that if you do not concur with me in opinion as to the propriety of the course which I have adopted, you will at least believe me when I say that no disrespect is intended to you, or those for whom you speak, in declining to express my opinion on the subjects to which you refer,

"I remain truly yours,

"MILLARD FILLMORE."

From the Hartford Republican, October 20.

DORSOSNE.

DEDICATED TO A. PHLUNKEIGH, ESQ.

In a certain land (whether far or near,
Where the sun shines warm or the snows are drear,
It matters not to my purpose here)
is a curious population:
In form and features they seem like men;
In altitude many are five feet ten:
They know the why, and the how, and the when,
Of the birth of "our glorious nation";
They have ears to hear, they have tongues to talk;
They have eyes to see, they have feet to walk;
And, from certain facts that occur each day,
I think I may even venture to say
They have somehow the will, and have learned 'the way
Of human propagation;
So we take it for granted, beyond all doubt,
That this curious race will not run out
With the present generation.

The thing that is queer about this folk
(You may think that I *do*, but I do *not* joke),
They act as if all their backs were broke,
And to stand up straight, like a sturdy oak,
Were beyond their capability.
They can crawl in the dirt on their hands and knees,
They can lick the dust with a marvellous ease,
When their lords take snuff they are ready to sneeze,
And from zero will slump thro' their thirty degrees,
With a wonderful facility:
When their masters cry "Down!"
With a scowl and a frown,
They would not dare to hint that their souls are their own:
When their masters cry "Up!"
They will start like a pup,
Or the "Dotheboys" starvelings when "Squeers" ladled the cup;
And if anything mean is required to be done,
'Tis amazing to see how this gentry will run,
As if serving the devil were capital fun,
And their highest attainment servility.

In the pulpit you will find them—a singular place,
Perhaps you will say, for so pliant a race,
But the fact is, mistaking poltroonry for grace,
They regard themselves "called" and "elected"
As "watchmen of Zion," whose care is to keep
All wolves (but themselves) from the fold and the sheep,
And to watch and to *prey* (while their dupes are asleep),
And "between porch and altar" to howl and to weep,
With a zeal and a sorrow affected.
'Gainst sin "in the abstract" they thunder like Paul,
But for sin in the concrete care nothing at all:
For crimes long forgotten,
And scoundrels long rotten,
Their lash theologic has snapper and knot on;
For the rest—they are nice in the choice of their evils;
The big ones rejecting—
The small ones electing—
(Though both might be *large* to another's inspecting),
And the god they adore is—"the least of two devils."

Into stations once filled by the good and the wise,
By arts demagogic they manage to rise
On a ladder whose rundles are liquor and lies,
And convert our Congressional halls into styes
Made foul with themselves and their stenches:
The simple may think, while they list to their prate,
That they love the "dear people" and "cherish the State";
All true—if you strike out the *nouns* from the line,
And substitute for them "loose women and wine,"
Or "cocktails, and gambling, and wenches."
Eight dollars per day
Is indifferent pay
For the manifold labours that come in their way,
Such, for instance, as dodging a "yea" or a "nay"
By dodging their heads under benches;
Making speeches "for Buncombe," excessively flat,
That baffles all guesses at what they are at,
On rollicking home "with a brick in their hat,"
As tipsy and jolly as Bacchus;
Or, worse, eating dirt, as their masters may bid,
Playing jackall or spaniel, as Ing-rs-ll did,
Or, like T-c-y, enacting the jackass!

Sometimes you will find them in the chair
Of a Circuit Judge or a City Mayor—
And then, good Lord! how the people stare,
To see what the *Dorsosne* will dare
With the sanction of legality!
How keen their vision to find a flaw
In the charter of rights—in God's own law—
How prompt to give to the spoiler's maw
The helpless wretch who is branded "slave,"
By a Southern nabob's purchased knave,
Who would steal the shroud from his mother's grave,
And boast of his rascality:
It is *not* that they *love* the dirty job,
Or think it an "abstract right" to rob,
Or *safe* with the devil to play hob-nob,
If they look to their *own* "finality";

Oh, no—but the bones of their backs and knees
Grow limber by stooping, and weak by degrees,
Now bend as ozier would bend to the breeze—
(The breeze that bends *them* has an odour of cotton—)
And they *can't* stand erect without stamen or pith:
Videlicet, H-ll-tt, and L-r-ng and Smith,
And C-rt-ss, and C-sh-ng, and more of their kith,
Some dead—perhaps damned—and the *whole* of them *rotten*.

'Tis a numerous race, I am sorry to say,
Of which I have read you a rhyme to-day,
And most, if not all, are Beelzebub's pay,
And himself and his imps they are prompt to obey,
Though the wages be not to their notion.
Some, members of Congress—some, judges—and some
Are peddlers of cambric—and others, of rum—
Some are dogs of that breed which the Bible calls "dumb,"
And their caudal appendage wags thanks for a crumb,
"With a short uneasy motion:"
Some write for the papers—and scores upon scores
Are clerks in departments, or partners in stores—
And rowdies, and blacklegs, and gamblers, and bores,
And what-nots—beyond my computing;
All crouching, and cringing, and creeping—but none
Of the motley assemblage can claim a *back-bone*,
Or his soul (when the wind's from the South) as his own;
Or *should* be, such claim (it were easily shown)
Would hardly be worth the refuting.

FUZZY GUZZY.

GENERAL CASS AND THE BLACK AND WHITE DOUGLASES.

[From The Chicago Tribune, October 21.]

GENERAL CASS'S SPEECH.

THE announcement that Gen. Cass was to speak at the North Market Hall, last night, attracted a large audience—not less than a thousand to fifteen hundred persons being present at various times during the evening.

After he closed, Senator Douglas, Col. Hamilton and Dr. Brainard, who were on the stand, shook him cordially by the hand, and congratulated him upon his success. During his speech he was listened to with the most perfect respect, a fact which we are pleased to record. But after his friends had cheered him, some indiscreet and hot-headed person called for three groans for Douglas, and was very properly hissed down. But cheers were given for Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana.

At this juncture considerable confusion prevailed, when some one called for a speech from Frederick Douglass, who was in the room. It was caught up and responded to, apparently by five hundred persons. The effect was as exciting as if a bomb-shell had been thrown into the room. Col. Snowhook rushed upon the stand and brandished his fist at the crowd, while Col. Hamilton declared, in the most emphatic manner, that if Douglass came to the stand he would have him sent to the watch-house. Such an uproar as followed we have seldom witnessed. It seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose, and the threats of the Nebraskaites only made the matter worse. Mr. Frederick Douglass had the good sense to retire, during the confusion, but the crowd did not know it.

The meeting was finally declared adjourned, and the gas was shut off and the hall rendered as dark as Erebus. A number of drunken Irishmen took advantage of this and rushed into the middle of the room, cursed the "nager" who was to insult the gentlemen, and commenced throwing the chairs in every direction, to the great danger of the limbs and lives of those who had not escaped. One fellow, more desperately drunk than the others, tried to break a chandelier with a chair, but in the effort lost his balance and tumbled to the floor. Matches were soon lighted in various parts of the room, so that the crowd could escape, and thus ended the demonstration.

THE MEETING OF THE DOUGLASES—THE WHITE DOUGLAS BACKED OUT.

[From the Editorial Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

AURORA, Oct. 20, 1854.

THE few friends and adherents of Judge Douglas in this neighbourhood were sadly disappointed yesterday at his apparent want of spirit and determination. It was very plain to every one that his illness was not of a character which would have prevented him from speaking had his coloured namesake been out of the way. He was loafing about the hotel till noon, when it became known to him that Fred. had arrived, and knowing the severe handling he and his measures would receive from his namesake if the latter was called out, as appearances indicated that he would be, the Judge very prudently retired at dinner time to his room, and there remained in "magnificent seclusion" till the departure of the cars at five P. M., for Chicago.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1854.

THERE can hardly be a reasonable doubt, now, that the envoys of the United States to the Dominican Republic, General and Mrs. Cazneau, have succeeded in negotiating a treaty with that government, by which she grants the privilege of establishing military and naval dépôts upon the northern coast of the Island, and gives also to the citizens of this country the right to hold real estate and to work mines on the same conditions with her own people. Probable, almost beyond question, as this fact is, the policy which prompts its accomplishment is even still more unquestionable. That the aim of the government should be the aggrandizement of the Slave Power is nothing new in our history; for it is all the history we have since the Revolution. That the present Administration should be diligent in season and out of season, in doing the work of its master, is, of course, to be expected; for to what other end was it created? But it is a fortunate concurrence of circumstances that the inevitable destiny of the Slave Power to strengthen and prolong its infamous and baneful existence by diffusion and aggression, without which it dies, like the adder, of suppressed venom, has had thrown to it so facile an instrument as the existing government at Washington. It took a long series of years and a very gradual corruption of the body politic to conceive of and accomplish the various acts by which slavery has lengthened out its cursed life, from the unconstitutional purchase of Louisiana to the constructive theft of Texas, and then to the bold and open spolling of Mexico. But, as, in the natural world, decaying matter becomes, at a point of time, a hideous mass of overwhelming putrefaction, so all these gradual steps in the decline and fall of our political health and soundness have come at length to that condition that solemn compacts are broken to open virgin soil to the slavery propagandists, and treaties are entered into to form military and naval dépôts as fillibustering rendezvous, and that a foot-hold may be secured whereby every facility shall be offered to any set of desperate pirates who choose to undertake the subjugation of people now free. Purification, however, begins when putrefaction has reached its last stage. So slavery, when it comes to its most vigorous life, will begin to die. To the beginning of that blessed end the short term of Mr. Pierce's Administration has brought us nearer than all the cautious approaches of the forty years that preceded and prepared for him.

We hail, therefore, with unaffected and unalloyed satisfaction the news of the Treaty with the Dominicans. The first step taken, the others, we trust, will follow with all possible haste. The sooner a United States force shows itself in the Bay of Sonora, the sooner the fillibusters make there their entrépôt of munitions of war, and the sooner they organize their expeditions for the conquest of the whole Island of Hayti, the better. We long to see the work of 'reannexing' all the West Indies fairly begun—the Moro invested—Kingston blockaded—St. Domingo attacked—and the smaller places and islands duly warned by a pursuivant, in a Baltimore clipper, with a black flag at the main, and the stars and stripes at the fore, that their turn must come speedily, and that they may as well prepare themselves for 'manifest destiny.' We cannot help hoping that when it is made plain to all the world that slavery knows no resting place short of the subjugation of the whole Western World, either as slave-territory like the southern portion of our own country, or as slave-provinces like all its Northern part, that then will come that inevitable final struggle in which victory or death must perforce be the motto of the opposing hosts for Liberty or Slavery. We have not much fear as to how that battle, when it comes, will terminate.

Nor need there be, we think, much apprehension as to the progress of fillibusterism in the West Indies. If not the last bitter drop in the cup of humiliation which the North has been so long draining to its dregs, it would be the last drop but one, and would be met with corresponding resistance. But implicit reliance may be placed on the West Indians themselves, even if the contest should be solely between our own country and the blacks. Spain is, without doubt, wise enough to emancipate her Cuban slaves, and put arms in their hands, if she shall be driven to extremity. The wild savages who make the great mass of the Cuban slaves, if once told that they are free, provided they can defend their freedom with their lives, will not have made the Middle Passage, and have tasted the bitterness of the life of a Cuban slave, for nothing. The unknown future beyond the grave, though ushered into it through a bloody portal, would have no terrors for men who would look forward, if conquered, to the known hell of slavery on a sugar plantation. And the memory of most of them of the wild freedom that was theirs, before they knew the white man, would urge them, with a religious fervour, to execute a speedy and terrible vengeance for the wrongs they had suffered.

Nor in Hayti would the result be different, though the steps to it must partake less of the character of savage warfare. The Haytian is, at least semi-civilized, and his resistance to invasion would be, at first, in accordance with the rules of modern war. He would maintain his independence and his liberty with the dignity of a civilized being, and only cut throats or blow out brains according to the last best military tactics, as long as that method should avail him. But liberty is no less dear to him than to his wilder brother of Cuba; and though he has known nothing, in his own person, of the cruel wrong of slavery, he has its traditions, and these are burned into his very soul with the memories of the glorious deeds of his fathers, who, apt scholars in cruelty, lined the road sides with the heads of their oppressors stuck upon poles, and, flying to the mountains, set the flower of the army of the greatest modern conqueror at defiance. Our greatest military achievement, hitherto, is in the conquering of the imbecile and effete Mexican, against whom Gen. Thompson, of South Carolina, said, years ago, he should blush to see his countrymen ever arrayed. We shall find another foe, if we seek him, in Hayti, and in that contest we shall fight not only the hereditary dread of slavery, the indomitable hatred of the white race, the unconquerable love of liberty which has still the new zest of the ease and delights of freedom for a people just translated, as it were, from a state of servitude, but a deadly climate, a region filled with mountain fastnesses, and a country which, though yielding enough for the simple habits of a people who can escape to its recesses with all their few worldly provisions, can offer little or nothing for the support of its invaders.

We shall not, of course, be understood as delighting in the prospect of bloodshed in this horrible future. But we do sincerely rejoice, so long as offences *must* come, that they come rapidly, and that the necessity of absolute and determined resistance to the aggressions of the Slave Power is drawing nigher. And if Cuba and Hayti, and other of the West India Islands, are to be one of the scenes of that aggression, better that the races that now inhabit them be annihilated or thrown back into primitive barbarism, or, even, that the Atlantic should roll over that fairest portion of the Western hemisphere, than that American slavery should there find new fields over which to extend its dominion.

"BLOWS THE WIND FROM THAT QUARTER?"—By an article in another column, which we copy from a Buffalo paper, it will be seen that Mr. Fillmore is again in the field as a candidate for popular favour. He aspires, or his friends aspire for him, to be again a leader of the great Anti-Slavery Whig party. The Buffalo paper would show that Mr. Fillmore is none of your latter day Saints, who has just awakened to the necessity of an avowal of anti-slavery principle because he may happen to be a candidate for office; his anti-slavery is of an older date. All along he has been an Abolitionist. If a good Anti-Nebraska candidate for the next Presidency is wanting, here is just the man for you, to take the Whig standard, with its present motto, and wave it to the battle and the breeze.

For our part, we think the Buffalo paper has reason on its side, and that Mr. Fillmore is as good an anti-slavery man as he ever was, that he always was as good an one as he is now, and that he is not one whit worse than those gentlemen of our day whose conversion has been signalized by nominations to various offices. He signed the Fugitive Slave Bill, it is true, and no doubt would do it over again, if called upon. So, no doubt, would some of these persons with whom he is contrasted. And, in short, we have no sort of doubt that he is just as good a Whig Anti-Slavery leader as can be found—and just as bad.

CLERICAL INFLUENCE.....NO. I.

To the question, "How comes there to be in the North so little anti-slavery principle, so much fraternization with pro-slavery feeling, and so much indifference in relation to the special cases of contest between these two forces, which from time to time are fought out on our Northern soil?" very different answers are given by different persons. A few persons say that it is owing to the character and influence, the preaching and practice of the clergy. Those who hold this opinion are generally looked upon as prejudiced and fanatical, and most persons turn contemptuously away from their statements, without making the least attempt to find the point of view whence they may seem reasonable. Since, however, there always exists a small majority of those who have more patience, or candour, or both, and to whom the evidence of the pro-slavery influence of the clergy has not yet come, it may be well for us to state it yet again.

A very few clergymen (the extreme right of the profession), in their sermons, addresses, lectures and editorial articles, teach the true Gospel upon this subject, the liberty with which Christ makes free, the doctrine that, each being endowed by the Creator with equal rights, no man is entitled to assume the position of slaveholder, no man required to acquiesce in the degradation of being a slave.

A few others (the extreme left of the clerical profession) thoroughly approve and defend slavery, and that not merely from considerations of convenience or profit, but on religious grounds, representing it as not only authorized, but directed by the Creator, both now and formerly, and stigmatizing those who oppose it as fighting against God.

Between these two extremes and the main body of the clergy, stand two large divisions, one holding that slavery is so bad that its extension should not be tolerated at all, though its continuance must be permitted through the force of an ancient contract, and the other maintaining that, though slavery is injurious and undesirable in some respects, it is not our affair, and that any interference on our part would be impertinent and unjustifiable meddling.

Within these, however, and far outnumbering the four classes just described, the great body of clergymen, of all denominations, at the North, stand on this position: that the existing institution of Southern slavery, whatever the viciousness of its origin, the unsoundness of its theory, the evils of its practice, or the dangers of its continuance, is *so* interwoven with our history and character, with our social, commercial, political and religious relations, that the teachings of Scripture upon it are *so* obscure, and the judgment and practice of uninspired good men *so* conflicting, that its advocates are *so* resolute and *so* united in its defence, and, finally, that the troubles and dangers of interference in a matter thus firmly settled and widely extended would be *so* great, that, until the Divine purposes shall be further made manifest, silence and neutrality are the mission, both of church members and citizens, in relation to it. This last is the position of the American Board of Commissioners for Foregn Missions, of the Home Missionary, Bible, Tract and Sunday School Societies, and of the Trustees, Presidents and Professors (almost all clerical) of our Colleges; and the reputation for piety and wisdom of these bodies, and of the immense number of clergymen connected with them, acts constantly and directly against any interference with slavery as it is, and thus necessarily for its continuance and increase.

We have described three classes of Northern clergymen whose influence favours the indefinite continuance of slavery. The smallest of these classes, the direct favourers and advocates of that institution, may be quite unknown to some of our readers. For their instruction, we present an entire skeleton of the latest monster of that sort which has come to our notice. This is a handsomely-printed pamphlet, written by the Rev. Nathan Lord, D.D., President of Dartmouth College, and published, in July last, by one of the most respectable houses in Boston. Its title and heads of inquiry (substantially of affirmation) are as follows. The italics are not ours, but the author's:

"A Letter of Inquiry to Ministers of the Gospel, of all denominations, on Slavery. By a Northern Presbyter." Pp. 32. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1854.

"A minister of New England humbly addresses this letter to his brethren, of all denominations, on slavery. In view of the excitements of these difficult times, he feels impelled to suggest a few inquiries, concerning this principal source of difficulty, to their attentive consideration.

"I. Whether it does not especially concern ministers of the Gospel to consider the question of slavery from its origin and foundations, as a question of Divine right, rather than of prudence, policy, or economy?

"II. Whether slavery is not an institution of God, according to *Natural Religion*?

"III. Whether slavery is not also a positive institution of *Revealed Religion*?

"IV. Whether the holding of slaves, or the carrying on of a system of slavery by civil regulations, in accordance with a Divine plan, as understood by Natural and Revealed Religion, be inconsistent with any ideas or principles otherwise suggested or enjoined by the providence or word of God?

"V. Whether those interpretations of the law of love which are made by many wise and good men, in our times, as well as by bad men, in opposition to slavery itself, in distinction from its abuses, as if it were essentially wicked and diabolical, inasmuch as they contravene laws of Nature and Scripture, and the judgment and practice of good men in general, in the past ages, are not fallacious?

"VI. Whether there is any more force in objections against the institution of slavery itself, in distinction from its abuses, or any more substantial reason for abolishing it, or confining it within geographical limits, by violence or compromise, on the same account, than would exist in respect to domestic, civil or ecclesiastical government?

"VII. Whether the Nebraska bill, full of evils and fearful portents, though it be admitted, in respect to the political virtue and stability of the country, is of great consequence in regard to slavery itself, *aside from its actual or possible abuses*? * * * Whether, in respect to the broken compromises, those dishonoured measures themselves, when adopted, did not, to some extent, involve the surrender of a moral principle to a temporary political expediency, and were therefore *wrong*? Whether they did not serve to arrest political evils for a time, but to increase and aggravate them in the issue, and were therefore *unwise*? * * * Whether the great dangers thence ensuing of civil or servile wars, and other evils not to be known or calculated beforehand, would not have resulted from such indiscreet intermeddling, by compromise, with God's natural laws and positive institutions?

"VIII. Whether, if there be evidence, as above suggested, that slavery is an ordinance of God, * * * it be not unwise and hazardous for Christian men to denounce and oppose the institution itself, in distinction from its abuses, or give encouragement, directly or indirectly, to romantic and excited persons who would subvert it, even at the expense of a general revolution, before the time?

"IX. Whether it be not, at least, highly probable that the constant play which has been practised, for some years past, upon the public sympathies, by a large number of persons who make a trade of philanthropy, and live by it, whose benevolence is according to their mere instincts and sensibilities, on grounds purely speculative and notional, without regard to God's comprehensive government, as made known by Natural and Revealed Religion, and is always exclusively on one side, and that the side of crime, lawlessness and violence, have produced a remarkable unhinging of the public mind in general, have greatly exaggerated, caricatured and coloured existing facts, and put them, for mere effect, out of their natural and true relations, and greatly confused both the common sense of the nation and its religious ideas, in respect to God's plans and purposes in moral government, producing a state of general confusion and distraction? Whether, therefore, ministers of the Gospel, and all other Christian men, should not take these epidemic mental disorders into very serious consideration, and treat them not empirically, by administering minute portions of the same poison that produced them, but scientifically, according to the methods of Scripture and experience?

"X. Whether slavery, which has providentially found a settlement in this country, has not been wickedly abused, in the slaveholding parts of it, by injurious laws and customs, by many private and public wrongs not at all necessary to the institution itself, and fitted to turn off the minds of impulsive and short-sighted men from God's design in ordaining it, to the wickedness of those who have perverted it, * * * so that slavery, *as it is*, is subjecting the slaveholding States, and the nation in general, to the displeasure of God, and producing a dangerous reaction against the institution *as it ought to be*?

"XI. Whether a minister of the Gospel, who is now honestly convinced that slavery is not, of itself, a moral evil, or, by necessity, politically injurious, but is essentially an ordinance of the God of Nature and Revelation, may not hope for the forgiveness and charity of his brethren, though he differ from them in this honest profession of his views? Whether he may not expect to be justified in his sincere, though imperfect, endeavour to allay the fever of the times, to induce a more impartial and generous study of the will of God, a more profound sense and acknowledgment of His righteous sovereignty, and more earnest prayer for the setting up of His kingdom in the world."

To those who may be amazed by the "eminent gravity," the argumentative style and the pious dialect of this attempt to recommend slavery as a Christian institution, and a real blessing to mankind, it may be said that Dr. Lord was not the inventor of this mode of writing. Similar instances of the perversion of religious language, and the semblance of serious argument, to vicious uses, may be found not only in the writings of the Jesuits, but in books of gross obscenity. The legal records of seduction by clergymen show that these black-coated gentlemen have gravely assured their victims, "There can't be any sin in it; the Bible commands us to love one another."

It will naturally be asked, Can a piece of sophistry so gross as the pamphlet above referred to, even proceeding from a Doctor of Divinity, and the President of a College, do any harm? We reply, that with those who are predisposed to regard authority more than reason, and especially with those who confide implicitly in all that comes from their religious teachers, it may do great harm. And these are always the majority.

A physician, with more learning than patients, once met a popular and wealthy quack in the centre of a crowded city. "How is it," said the former, "that I, who am well instructed in my profession, can get no practice, while you, a showy but ignorant pretender, get plenty of patients, and fees, and reputation?"

The other answered, "It is

assist those that need their aid. You, no doubt, expect to hear from me something about Europe. (And here Mr. Brown narrated some of his experience abroad; showing that prejudice was unknown in Europe, and that every man was treated according to his merits and not according to his complexion.) I might have remained abroad, said Mr. Brown, and kept out of the danger of the Fugitive Slave Law, for no coloured person is safe, even though he may have been purchased, but I wanted to be here in the contest; I felt that duty called me home, and here I am. For the invitation which you extended to me, and the hearty welcome that you have given me, I am truly thankful to you. Before we separate to-night, let us renew our determination to devote our lives and our energies to the cause of human freedom. Let us ask ourselves what we are doing. How many of us take anti-slavery papers? Who of us takes the *Anti-Slavery Standard* or the *Liberator*? Friends, let us 'remember those in bonds as bound with them.'"

While Mr. B. was delivering his able and interesting speech, of which the above is but a brief synopsis, the audience manifested the warmest pleasure, which elicited frequent cheers, &c. On the conclusion of Mr. B.'s remarks, Mr. Garrison was introduced, as the great Pioneer and unflinching advocate of the coloured man's rights. The interest evinced by the audience throughout his remarks were quite manifest, and brought forth loud and frequent cheers. It is needless to say that his speech was one of great force and reason, carrying the most obvious evidence to his hearers that his heart was, on the present occasion, as in days past, deeply interested in the cause of the oppressed.

In conclusion, Mr. McKim offered the following Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, after which the audience retired:

Resolved, That we rejoice in the opportunity afforded by this meeting of greeting our friend Wm. Wells Brown, on his return to this country, and that we hereby avail ourselves of it to extend to him our heartiest assurances of welcome.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to Mr. Brown for the zeal and fidelity with which he has advocated the cause of freedom and the interests of the coloured man in Great Britain, and that we are severally grateful to him for leaving a country where a black man labours under no disabilities, and where there is no prejudice against colour, to return to this land of slavery and labour for the disenthralment of his brethren from the hate of the white man, and the chains of the slaveholder.

Resolved, That we are happy to have with us, on this occasion, our ever-faithful friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer of freedom, and the eloquent champion of the black man's rights, and that we take this occasion of renewing toward him the expression of our affectionate regard and implicit confidence.

Resolved, That the Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia, which has made its appeal to us this evening, is an organization in the highest degree deserving of support, and that every opportunity should be taken by the friends of freedom to increase its efficiency.

Philadelphia, Oct. 23d, 1854. W. S.

THE BIBLE AGAINST SLAVERY.

"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures."—*Matt. xxx.*: 29.

1. It is generally admitted by all true Christians that *sin* has entailed *misery* and *death* on the whole human family; all creation *has been cursed* on account of man's disobedience; even the brute creation "groan and travail together in pain until now," but they "also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" (Rom. viii.: 19, 20, 21). The time is at hand when "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together (as in Paradise), and the lion and the ox eat straw together, and nothing shall hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain" (Isa. lxv.: 25).

Christ came to rebuild, remodel and regenerate the world, and to restore it to its original standing; and no person can for a moment entertain the idea that slavery will be in the new and heavenly Jerusalem. Oh, no! *It was sin* that brought slavery into the world, and it is the *Saviour* who will take it out of it. He will utterly destroy it by the brightness of his coming and the glory of his person.

Slavery is a sin, and sin is of the devil, and Christ came to destroy the works of the devil (John iii.: 8)—"to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound" (Isa. xli.: 1)—"to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free" (Isa. lviii.: 6)—"to conquer him who had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii.: 14, 15).

The Rabbins assure us that the New Jerusalem (church of Christ) in Messiah's day will be free from sin, free from slavery, free from Satan and the world (Zohan on Gen., fol. 13-2: 126-4). Therefore, no member of Christ's church can be either a slaveholder or a slave advocate.

2. *Christianity* put an end to slavery in the Roman Empire. What the laws of Rome and influence of men in power could not do, Christ and his religion did. (See Gracchus, Cicero, and others.) His religion is a *religion of equality*; it declares all men to be created free and equal, and that no man can be a Lord over God's heritage; "whosoever," he says, is "greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet." We read that God has "made of one blood all the nations of men who dwell on the earth" (Acts xvii.: 26); therefore, the blood of the black man is the same as the blood of the white man.

"the Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws."

In the beginning, He breathed into Adam's nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul; and all men, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, black and white, have derived their existence from Him, soul, body and spirit. He had the power from God to *propagate his own species*; hence, God says, "*all souls are mine*, the soul of the father as well as the soul of the son"; therefore, the soul of the black man is the same as that of the white man.

He created all men; He preserves all; He redeemed all, died for all, rose for all, pleads for all, and will judge all, and reward all (the righteous), and punish all (the wicked). *Colour* makes no distinction with Him; He "is no respecter of persons," nor does *colour* change either *the quality or species of anything in creation*. We have the very same variety of colour in the animal and vegetable world as we have in the human species, and yet *the colour* of black, which we admire so much in silks and satins, a horse, a cow, or sheep, we despise in man. This is a very strange inconsistency, indeed; but you say the black man *is not of the same species with us*. God assures us he is, and we must, therefore, believe His testimony in preference to your vain *ipse dixit*.

It is not *colour* that makes the distinction, but *circumstances*. The black man is poor, helpless and unable to defend himself, and therefore he is despised, enslaved and trodden under foot, *by cowards*, and treated worse than even a brute; but suppose *Africa* was the richest and most powerful nation in the world, would she not be feared and reverenced by all nations? Her sons and daughters would not then *be kidnapped*, torn away from her by force and fraud, *and sold for life as slaves*. Suppose she had a *fleet* like Great Britain, *and an army* like France, and sent both out *to the Southern States*, and demanded, at the very point of the bayonet, *the freedom of her kidnapped sons and daughters*, would not the slaveholders *then tremble*, and let the oppressed go free? Most assuredly they would; and the whole civilized world would commend Africa for her manly and independent conduct.

Was it lawful and just, we ask, in the sight of God and man, to declare ourselves free and independent *because of taxation without representation*? If so, it certainly would be more lawful *for the three millions* of slaves in the South *to declare themselves independent*, for *they are ten times more heavily taxed and oppressed* than ever we were under *the British Government*, and they have *no representatives* in our *halls of legislation, nor even a voice or vote in any of our churches*; but God looks down on their extreme misery and sufferings, and will speedily, we trust, release them.

The law of God is opposed to slavery. "It is holy, just and good," extending justice and mercy to all men. *The Fugitive Slave law* is directly the opposite of it—*unholy, unjust, wicked and oppressive*, and is, in reality, no law. Blackstone observes that "human law that is not in accordance with the Divine law is no law, and should not be obeyed." It is not only opposed to the law of God, but to the Constitution of the United States.

The Declaration of Independence was *the only constitutional law of this country for many years*, before the present Constitution was adopted, and it declares all men *to be created free and equal, and with inherent rights and privileges which no man can take from them unless by a due process of law*—that is, *by fair and impartial trial* before a Judge and Jury of their countrymen. This, then, *is the present constitutional law of the United States*, and the *fugitive slaveholders' law* is directly the opposite of it, for it allows *a single Marshal* to be Judge, Jury, jailor and hangman himself (viz., of the poor slave), and all the testimony that it requires is *the ex parte oath of a wicked master*. "Oh, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines (infidels) should triumph." But, after all, *there is a most blundering error in it*, which makes it inoperative before any candid Judge and Jury, or even a Marshal. It says "*persons held to service or labour; that is, men or women*, such as ministers or mechanics, soldiers or servants, who are held to labour *by contract, and not goods and chattels*, such as cows and horses, pigs and poultry, that cannot be *held to labour by contract*, nor run away as slaves from their master." No honest man can view it in any other light, for the laws of the South designate their slaves as "*goods and chattels*."*

The Rev. Mr. Jay, of Bath, England, observed to a friend from New York, "Sir, your ministers in America are *a queer set of men*. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church passed a law declaring 'dancing *to be a sin*, and refused to pass a law *declaring slavery to be a sin*,' making out the art of dancing to be *a sin*, and *slavery* to be *no sin*. And Dr. Spring, of your city, declared from the pulpit that if one prayer of his would make all the slaves in America free, he would not offer it. What must you think, Sir, of such men? I tell you, such ministers shall never enter my pulpit."

Paul's Epistle to Philemon is pressed into the service of slavery, but it is only by *slaveholders and slave advocates*; but this epistle is directly opposed to their whole system.

Onesimus was neither a slave nor a servant, but an apprentice to Philemon, a tent maker (Tertullian).

1. If a slave, Paul could not, according to law, have returned him to his owner, because the law of God forbid it (Deut. xxiii.: 15, 16).

2. He was *Philemon's brother* (v. 16). Surely he could not, therefore, hold his brother as a slave for life.

3. *If a Jewish brother*, he could only hold him to service *for six years* (Ex. xxi.: 2).

4. He ran away *in debt to his master*. If a slave, he could not do this, for all his earnings went to the support of his master.

5. If a slave, why did not Philemon *demand him as a matter of right*? and why did not Paul send him back *in chains and with an escort of soldiers*?

6. Onesimus was conscientious, and wished to go back, to serve out his time, and Philemon did not feel disposed to take him again because he ran away in his debt; but Paul entreated him to do it, as he had now become a minister of Christ, and would be a blessing to him and the Church forever.

7. But they say δουλος (doulos) means *a slave*; if so, Paul himself was a "doulos" (slave), and *so was Christ and his ministers*, for they are all called δουλοις (doulois), *servants* of the Church (Rev. i.: 1. Isa. iv.: 21).

God had such an abhorrence of slavery that he commanded Moses and Aaron to take the Israelites away from Egyptian bondage *by force*, "but not by fraud." For this very act, they would, *in the South*, have *forfeited their lives*. God commanded Pharaoh "to let His people go." He disobeyed the Divine command, and God destroyed both Pharaoh and all his host in the Red Sea. And He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever; He changeth not.

The Israelites *covenanted with God*, when they left Egypt, that they should *never hold any man as a slave*, but as a hired man or servant. Some of them afterwards violated this covenant and returned to servitude the men they had liberated; and for this act, *not for slavery, but for unjust servitude*, God declares He will cut them off as a nation (Jer. xxxix. 17). And the principal cause of the destruction of Babylon was because she traded in slaves and bodies of men (Rev. xviii.: 13).

Slave advocates, however, will not admit slavery *to be sinful*, but designate it as *a great moral evil!* Well, then, if a great moral evil, it is certainly a *great moral sin*; for *evil*, in the *original Hebrew*, means "*the vilest of all sin*." The noun is derived from the verb דָּעַע *Roo-a, to be vile, sinful, wicked, oppressive*. According, therefore, to their own showing, it is precisely what we term it, *a vile sin*, and, accordingly, God has pronounced *a curse on it*—"Tribulation and anguish on every soul of man *that doeth evil*, on the Jew first, and then on the Gentile. And God has commanded us "*to abhor evil* and cleave to that which is good" (Rom. ii.: 9. vii.: 21. Prov. viii.: 13); but *moral*, when appended to *evil*, makes no sense whatever. Surely, there cannot be "moral murder," "moral robbery," "moral drunkenness," "moral wickedness" nor "moral slavery."

1. The Sanhedrim prohibited the Jews from either hiring or purchasing a man's time, unless it was a voluntary act: then an agreement was made and a just compensation given for his services.

2. The person who sold himself, *if a Gentile*, had to agree with his master that, *after one year's trial*, if he liked his master, he was *to be circumcised—become a proselyte* to the Jewish religion. He then was governed *by the same law* as his master, and he had equal rights and equal privileges with him (Col. iv.: 1); he was to sit at the same table, have the same food, and eat of the same dish and sit on the same mat with him at the yearly passover, and, in the end, he might become either his *steward* or *son-in-law*; and the master, recollect, had no power whatever to sell him to a foreigner without his consent, nor to keep him longer than the *year of Jubilee* (Sanhedrim, fol. 44. Prov. ix.: 21); and, finally, if the master misused or disabled him, or even *knocked out a tooth*, he was to be made free (Ex. xxi.: 26, 27). If this law, then, was now in force, all the slaves in America would be free. And what is remarkable—that no Jew to this day will even own a slave unless he has become an infidel, who has no regard for the Divine law. *Slavery is condemned, as wicked, unjust and oppressive*, by all the most wise, learned and pious men that ever lived—by Richard Baxter; Dr. Paley; Bishops Butler, Usher, Horsley, Warburton, Portius; Bishop of London; John Wesley; Wilberforce; Dr. Adam Clarke; Dr. Coke; Richard Watson; William Pitt, the Premier; Lord Mansfield; Granville Sharp; George Fox; the learned Grotius; Dr. McKnight; Dr. Hopkins; Dr. Rush; Benjamin Franklin; President Edwards; Thomas Scott; Matthew Henry; Locke; Newton; Sir William Jones.

Finally, we have clearly proved that neither the Old or New Testament, Christ or his Church, his ministers or members, the law of nations or of this country, sanction the vile and sinful practice of slavery, and that all the most wise and learned statesmen, pious and devoted ministers of the Gospel have, in all ages and countries, condemned it as unjust and cruel. The slaves, Mr. Jefferson asserts, *are citizens of the United States*, and are entitled, according to law, to all the immunities of other citizens. I am yours, with esteem,

AMICUS.

[*It is hardly necessary to say that we totally dissent from this construction of that clause of the Constitution relating to "fugitives from labour." There is no principle of the Constitution more conclusively settled, both by historical evidence and the uniform practice both of legislative and judicial authority, than that the term "persons held to service or labour" includes chattel slaves. It is only another name for the same thing.—*Ed. Standard.*]

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent complaineth of the Sell of Sebastopol—He compassionateth the quandary of Emperor Louis—Hunker Affinities—The Correspondent at a loss—He is hard on the Brummagem Emperor—He quoteth the Punch of two years since—He returneth to Boston—The Burns Rioters—Prospects of their punishment—Judge Curtis and Attorney Hallett again in the field—With whom to help them—The Correspondent giveth Judge Curtis good advice—A Patriot in the Common Council—He findeth small support—General opinion as to Mr. Kelley's proper belongings—Annexation of Charlestown upset—The Correspondent comforteth himself, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Oct. 22, 1854.

IS N'T it too bad? To find that all the glorious news from the Crimea was a *Sell!* Probably a Buy and Sell both on the Bourse in Paris and in the Stock Exchange in London. After we had made up our minds that there had been a Glorious Victory, to find that there had been none (to speak of) after all. For what is a pitiful affair of crossing a river or so to the carrying, by a *coup de main*, of one of the strongholds of the world? To have to put up with some half dozen thousands of killed and wounded after we had revelled in the blood of thirty or forty thousand! It was an outrage on Civilization, this Electric Hoax, this Jest of the Wires, this trick of lightning. But we can't help ourselves. All that is left for us is to *unrejoice* with as good a grace as we can, and intimate to all and singular we talk withal, that we never believed it in our hearts from the beginning. But there is some satisfaction in thinking how blue the *quid nuncs* in the high places of London and Paris must have looked when the after-clap came thundering upon them. Poor Louis Napoleon, after announcing to his Army of the North, "*Sebastopol est prise!*" obliged to pardon Barbés out of jail to cover his confusion! It was a hard case. Instead of taking a fortress, to have to open one! Instead of making twenty thousand captive, to have to let one go!

It is odd, by the way, to see how the sympathies of Hunkerdom all go forth towards Nicholas. There was almost as much rejoicing in that kingdom as at St. Petersburgh when the Successes of the Allies were contradicted. And, whether it were this instinct or no, it happened, queerly enough, that our own steady-going, respectable *Daily Advertiser* had doubted the truth of the accounts from the beginning, and had set forth the reasons why it was not likely they were true. You know this Solid Diurnal is not proverbial so much for prophecy as for deliberation in its dispensation of news, insomuch that the wicked have likened it unto a Poor Man's Plaster, because it is *good for a week back!* But on this occasion it was ahead of its contemporaries, and its hesitation was justified by events. I don't exactly see why it is that the Fogy element of the Yankee Nation should feel this yearning towards Nicholas in this particular controversy. Were it only England that was in the field against him, there would be some sense in it, for Englishmen have not only spoken disrespectfully of the Institution which is our peculiar and crowing glory, but they went and got rid of the one they had of the same pattern. But I should think Louis Napoleon was a big rascal enough to keep Uncle Sam in countenance. It wasn't his fault that Lamartine and those other fanatical fellows abolished French Slavery. I think that he should keep the balance of our Republican sympathies at least in equilibrium.

I must confess that his part in this Turkish matter keeps my sympathies very much in solution. It may be well enough to keep Nicholas from strengthening himself by the seizure of Turkey; but it is not at all well to do it at the expense of establishing an unscrupulous and blood-stained adventurer on the necks of the French People. I have no doubt that the feeling which has impelled the British Nation to insist on this war has been a generous one, springing from indignation at seeing a big fellow bullying a little one. But I could wish they could recall a little of their indignation at the *coup de état* and the atrocities that attended and followed it. Do you recollect the prophetic print and *prints of Punch* two little years ago? "Louis Napoleon's Invasion of Perfidious Albion"—he escaping in a skiff across the channel, and John Bull good-naturedly *chaffing* him? And another, "the Beggar on Horseback, or the Brummagem Bonaparte out on a Ride," where he is galloping over a dead body, off a precipice, his sword dripping with blood, and his breast decorated with a skull and cross-bones instead of the Star of the Legion of Honour! And now they say this very Birmingham prince is to receive the Order of the Garter—to have the Star of Saint George radiate on his breast instead of the Raw Head and Bloody Bones! Verily, John Bull is a funny fellow, and with not a much better memory for rascalities than Brother Jonathan—when it is better worth his while to forget them.

But to come back to Boston—though I don't know why you should, for we have not much of anything to tell you of. I was in hopes that by this time I should have been able to inform you as to what hopes there are of the Burns rioters being brought to justice. It is now three or four months since they were indicted, and the sword of Justice hasn't yet vindicated the outraged laws of the land. I am afraid you will have to wait until next month before your sense of justice can be satisfied by the condign punishment of these miscreants. I am happy to inform you, however, that Mr. Justice Curtis and his admirable coadjutor, District Attorney Hallett, have by no means relaxed their patriotic zeal in view of the wounds dealt to the Country to whom they both owe so much (ten thousand dollars a year, at least, between them) by those ruffians and their abettors. The Grand Jury has again the case of the Officers and Orators of the Faneuil Hall Meeting, which preceded the Attack on the Court-house, under their consideration. It is affirmed that a cloud of witnesses has been called together to lead the Inquest into the Canaan of Indictment. Among them, it is said, are to be found the excellent and patriotic men who conducted the Traitor Burns to his doom, under the escort of the Governor's Own Guard and the Sims Brigade—or, at least, as many of them as have not since been provided with situations, in the public service, in the State's Prison or the House of Correction. It is most devoutly to be hoped that the united efforts of all these eminent men will be crowned with a worthy success.

Mr. Justice Curtis has certainly shown himself to have well deserved the seat on the Bench he had honourably earned. By his early endeavors to make Massachusetts a slave State, "by the Comity of Nations," in the case of the slave child Med, he has shown his title clear to the Celestial Seat he now occupies. And this, even if it be not true, as was believed at the time, that he and another eminent and spasmodic Whig lawyer were the Chamber Counsel of the claimant in the Sims Case—the oracles whose responses were uttered forth by Seth J. Thomas—the inspiration whereby the miracle of Balaam was renewed in these latter days. Judge Curtis is entitled to the honour he will inevitably receive, of writing and delivering the opinion of the Whole Court in the Lemmon Case (which poor Judge Story had in that of Prigg), by which Slaveholders will be allowed to take their slaves with them into any of the Free States and keep them there as slaves. But he must be satisfied with this favour and with the promotion he has already got. We warn him against hoping for anything further. Even though the Chief Justiceship should fall during the Whig Administration that is to ensue, it will not light upon him. The Slaveholders will take any amount of service, but they will suffer no such great prize as that to fall to the share of any Northern man. The fact that he is the ablest man and the greatest lawyer on the Bench—perhaps, that has ever been on the Bench—will make no difference. Mr. Webster was unquestionably a clever man, and a well-deserving; but how did they treat him?

However this judicial campaign against Messrs. Phillips and Parker may result, I am happy to say that the spirit of patriotism is not entirely extinct in this city. Last week, in the Common Council, Mr. Kelley, an Irishman by birth, but a National Democrat by adoption, endeavoured to procure a vote which would exclude persons of that type from the sacred precincts of Faneuil Hall. His speech was *rich* in the extreme; but it did not meet with the success it deserved. After occupying nearly the entire time of the Session with his harangue, he found but one sympathetic soul to feel, or at least to vote, with him. It is to be hoped that this doth not symbolize the state of mind of the Grand Inquest of this District. The conclusion at which people arrived, after reading Mr. Kelley's speech, was, that, though an Irishman, he was well entitled to admission to the Order whose Socratic boast it is that they Know Nothing. At any rate, it makes the Annexation of Charlestown the more imperative, so that Bunker Hill Monument may be thrown into the scale against Faneuil Hall, in any future conflict between Treason and Republicanism. But, as you have perhaps seen, that day is postponed by the decision of the Supreme Court demolishing the Act by which the Annexation was to be accomplished. So we shall have another pretty quarrel about that matter—for I presume it will not be suffered to go by default, or through default, in this way. But, if so, so much the better for the Letter-writers.

D. Y.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ABOLITIONIST DOWN SOUTH.

NO. III.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Sept. 26.—At a town in North Carolina.* In returning from a walk in the woods by which this village is surrounded, I came up to a negro—a young man—who was lying on the ground in the shade of a tree, holding a 'yearling' ox by a rope.

"Is that all you have got to do?" I asked.

"No, mass'r," said he, "I'se waiting for a wagon to come 'long."

I entered into a conversation with him. He answered all my questions without hesitation. He said that he would run the risk of capture and try to reach the North—and he believed that dozens, "yes, mass'r, lots and lots" of the slaves in this neighbourhood would fly to the North, *if they knew the way*. It was not the fear of being captured that prevented them from running away, he said, but ignorance of the proper route for the Free States.

Several slaves had told me so before, but I had never been able to devise a plan to remedy this ignorance, and thereby give to every *brave* slave a chance of escaping from bondage. To direct them how to know where the North lay by the rising and setting sun would have been utterly useless—as runaways must travel chiefly by moonlight and by night.

As this slave answered my question, however, I thought that POCKET MARINER'S COMPASSES might be made most effectual Liberators of the African race.

I pondered on this subject for a few moments, and then resumed the conversation:

"Did you ever see a watch—the face of it, I mean?"

"Yes, mass'r."

"Do you know how the hands of it go round?"

"Yes, mass'r."

"Well, *we*"—I spoke as a member of the Human Race—"we have invented a thing something like a watch; but, instead of going round like a watch, its hand always points to the North. Now, if we were to give you one of these things, would you run away?"

"Yes, mass'r," said the young slave, energetically, "I would go to-night; and dozens on us would go too."

I described the peril of a runaway's course as vividly as I could. He answered:

"Well, mass'r, I does n't care; I would try to get to de North if I had one of them things."

We had a long talk on different subjects; and he told me his history—but, in thinking of the *magnetic* Liberator after leaving him, I forgot several particulars of it.

Sept. 28.—Same place. I took an early walk. The temperature was truly celestial. I saw an old coloured man, beside a bag in which were several carpenter's tools, sitting on a pile of wood near the railroad crossing. I went up to him. He touched his cap.

"Good morning, old man," I said.

"Good morning to you, mass'r," he rejoined.

"Are you a carpenter?" I asked.

"Yes, mass'r; in a rough way."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-two years old, mass'r."

"You stand your age very well, old man. I hardly thought you were more than fifty. But I've often noticed that coloured people look much younger than they are. What is that owing to, do you know?"

"Well, mass'r," said he, "I think it's 'cause they's 'bliged to live temperate. White folks has plenty of money and de drinks a good deal of liquor. Coloured people cannot drink much liquor 'cause de has n't got any money. Drinkin', mass'r, 'ill bring a man down sooner dan anything; and I think it's 'cause the coloured people does n't drink dat de look younger dan de white old folks."

I had often noticed this peculiarity of the coloured race, but had never been able to acount for it. The old man's solution satisfied me—although I have no dealings with the Maine Liquor Law men.

"Are you a free man?"

"No, mass'r," said he, "I'se a slave man."

"I come from the North. Would you like to go there?"

"Yes, mass'r," he replied, "I *would* like to go dar, bery much."

"Of course, you are a married man?"

"I'se been married twice, mass'r."

"Have you had any children?" I inquired.

Yes, mass'r. I had twelve by my first wife. I got her when she was seventeen, and I lived with her twenty-four years. Den de sold her and all de children. I married another wife, about nine years since, but I had her little more than three years. Dey sold her too."

"Had you any children by her?"

"No, mass'r; and I has n't had anything to do with women since. I'se a Baptist; and it's 'gin my religion to have anything to do with anybody 'cept my wife. I'se never bothered anybody since my last wife was sold away from me."

"It's too bad," said I. Not with a smile; for I never smile when I hear of men, from any motive—whether religious or social—deprived by other men of the necessities of nature. If slavery had no other evils, the fact that it so frequently causes men to lead unnatural lives would make me a Garrisonian Abolitionist.

"It's too bad," I repeated.

"Yes, mass'r," said he, it *is* too bad; but we has to submit to it."

"Do you think," I asked, "that there are any slaves who would rather be slaves than freemen?"

"No, mass'r, not one," he replied, emphatically, "there's not one in this county."

*For obvious reasons, I omit the name of the town. I do not wish either to have human bloodhounds on my tracks or my black friends to be discovered.

"Did you ever see one man," I asked, "in all your life, who would rather be a slave than a freeman?"

"*No*, mass'r."

(Remember his age, reader; and then believe, if you can, the stories of pro-slaveryites about "coloured contentment.")

"Old as you are," I said, "I suppose you would like to be free?"

"Yes, mass'r," he said, sadly, "I should like very much to spend the few years I'se got to live in freedom. I would give any man $20 or $30 down if he could get me free."

"How much, do you think, your master would sell you for?"

"$200, I think, mass'r."

"Do you work for your boss, or are you hired out?" I asked.

"I works whenever I can get work. I gives my boss $50 or $60 a year; just as I happens to make well out, and I works anywhars in the State. I'se got a pass that let's me go anywhar in de State—but not out on it."

"How much can you make a year?"

"Well, mass'r; if I could get constant work all de time, I could make $160; but I generally makes about $80 or $90."

"Why," I said, musing, "if anybody were to buy you—I mean if an Abolitionist were to buy you—you could repay the money in a couple of years, if he got you constant work."

"Yes, mass'r," said he, I could and I'd be glad to do it, too."

"You said you never knew a coloured person who preferred slavery to freedom"——

"No, mass'r; I neber knew one."

"Well; but did you ever know a coloured person who *said* he preferred slavery?"

"Oh yes, mass'r," said the slave, "I'se knowed plenty that would say so to white folks; 'cause, if the boss knew we wanted to be freemen he would kick and knock us 'bout and maybe kill us. They ofen does kill them on de plantations."

"Did *you* ever *see* a man killed on a plantation?"

He replied that he once saw a girl killed on a plantation in Hancock County, Georgia. He said that he heard his boss—a person of the name of Rees—tell his overseer to take some slaves down to Brother Holmes, in (I think) Gainsborough County—or from Gainsborough County to Hancock County—I have forgotten which the old man named first; and, said the brute, "with what niggers I have got there and these, I think we can raise a crop. If you kill two niggers and four horses and don't raise a crop, I'll not blame you; but if you don't, and still don't raise a crop, I'll think you hav n't drove them at all!" The monster added—"You need n't be afraid of killing that many: I can afford to lose them."

One day this overseer came up to a girl who was rather lagging behind.

Naming her, he said—

"I say—I thought I told you to mend your gait."

"Well, mass'r," she said, "I'se so sick, I can hardly drag one foot after the other."

He stooped down—he was a left-handed man—and laid down his lash. He took up a pine root and made a blow at her head. She tried to avoid the blow and received the weight of it on her neck. The old man said that he was obliged to stand aside to let her fall. She was taken up insensible and lingered till the following morning. Next day she was buried. This wretch killed another slave during the same season; but my informant did not see the fatal blow struck.

The old man told this story in such a manner that no one would have doubted its truth. I cross-examined him; but he never contradicted his first statements.

"How long is it since this happened?" I asked.

"Forty-two years since," said the slave.

After some further conversation on this event, I asked:

"How much could you make by carpentering when you were young?"

"I did n't work at the carpenter trade, mass'r, when I was young," he replied. "I worked on a plantation. I was the head man. I had twenty or thirty niggers under me. But," he added, "that's no place for a man that has religion."

"Why?"

"Oh, mass'r, 'cause a man that has religion should n't rule over anybody."

"Why?" I again asked. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, 'cause, mass'r," he rejoined, "a man that has religion cannot bear to whip and kick de people under him, as they have to do on plantations."

"Are coloured people treated very badly on plantations?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, mass'r," he answered, "very bad, indeed; it's hard the way they *are* treated."

We talked of several other subjects. He said that if the coloured people in this district were to be provided with compasses—the nature of which I explained to him—hundreds of them would fly to the Free States of the North.

We spoke of the Abolitionists. I told him that I belonged to that Body. He said to me—as several poor slaves had previously said to me—when I spoke of our glorious Society and cause—

"God bless you, mass'r; yes, mass'r, and God *will* bless you if you is the friend of the Slave."

JOHN BALL, Jr.

THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS" have proved their title to the appellation they have chosen, at least in one particular—that of the nomination for Governor in this State. Their nominee, Ulman or Ullman, or Ulmann or Ullmann, they know so little about as to leave it a question whether, in nominating him, they have not violated the first and only principle which they pretend to possess, namely—Nativism. It is a question of Know-Nothingism which is exercising, on the homœpathic principle, the wit and the research of our contemporaries all over the State; for whether he is a Jew or a German, a Malay or a Marylander, is a thing that nobody knows. The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, which favours his election, says he was born "of German parents, in the City of Baltimore."

A Rochester "Nativist" paper asserts that he was born in Pennsylvania.

He writes himself that he was born in Wilmington, Delaware.

The *Knickerbocker* offers to bet he was born among the Jews in Asia.

Some years ago he appended to his signature, "Calcutta, Hindostan"; and the *Cleveland Herald*, whose editor flew kites with him in his youth, says at that time not one of his family could speak English correctly.

A citizen of Buffalo declares that, according to the best of his knowledge and belief, his parents were French Catholics.

Some of the city papers have published what purports to be a Certificate of Baptism, making his own assertion the correct one.

But the Albany *Evening Journal* makes the most sensible suggestion in regard to this puzzling question. It advises that a compromise be made, and that it be agreed to consider that, "like Topsy, he 'never was born'—anywhere." And the *Journal* further suggests that "what gives plausibility to this opinion is, that, like her, he is 'bought up by the speculators.'"

The *Post* makes fun of this momentous affair, as is usual with that innocent print, and asks "why is Daniel Ullman like the river Niger?" And answers, "because no one has yet succeeded in finding his source"!

THE UNITARIANS ON FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The Annual Convention of the Unitarians was held, week before last, at Montreal (Canada), and the following Resolutions, relating to Fugitive Slaves, were offered by the Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, and unanimously adopted. We believe that this is the first time that body of Christians have spoken so emphatically on this subject, but we trust the testimony will be repeated hereafter, even still more positively on *this* side the line, where the Unitarian strength principally lies, and where the duties of their members to the flying bondmen may be enforced. If to aid fugitive slaves be a Christian duty in Canada, it can be no less an one in the States; indeed, the self-evident corollary to the proposition would enforce upon all Unitarians the duty of becoming Abolitionists, a faith which the majority of them have given no evidence by their works of possessing:

"1. Resolved, That while we deeply deplore the present inability of humane and Christian people in the United States to give shelter and protection to the poor fugitives from the most cruel and unchristian institution of slavery, we thank God that only an invisible line separates them from this country, where those outcasts may be, as thousands have been, kindly received and put under the protection of the most powerful government upon earth.

"2. Resolved, That we return our grateful acknowledgments to those persons of Canada, who have generously cooperated with the friends of humanity in the United States, in providing homes for the fugitives who have succeeded in effecting their escape from slavery.

"3. Resolved, That we earnestly entreat all in Canada, upon whom our works can make any impression, to use all the influence they may in keeping alive that public sentiment that will resolutely withstand any attempt to open this fair land to the hunters of men, or to throw even the least impediment in the way of those who are fleeing for liberty, dearer than life."

Summary.

THE PROHIBITORY LAW IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Returns from every County in the State, except Potter, have been received, and the result is, that the Prohibitory Law is defeated by a majority of 3,016.

OVERSEER OLDS.—We have been looking out for a berth for Edson B. Olds, since the people have decided to dispense with his services in Congress. It is that of Overseer to Stephen Arnold Douglas's 140 negroes.—*Kenton (O.) Republican.*

Daniel Chandler, of Concord, N. H., has been sentenced to the State Prison for life on conviction of having altered a switch, which caused a train of cars to be thrown from the track of the Concord Railroad.

A Presbyterian Clergyman of Louis County, Kentucky, the Rev. John G. Fee, states that there are now organized in that State twenty anti-slavery churches, and that there is an increasing demand in that region for anti-slavery preachers.

SLAVES STILL GOING TO KANSAS.—The New Albany (Indiana) *Tribune*, of Monday week, says:

"Some twenty-five negro slaves passed through our city on Saturday last, in charge of a slaveholder from the South, *en route* for the territory of Kansas."

INTERESTING TO MOTHERS.—Barnum gives notice that the baby show, which was to come off at his museum in November, "has been postponed until early in June next, in conformity with the wishes of many ladies, who do not like to expose their infants to the weather at this season of the year." The Evening *Post* remarks that that will be just nine months hence.

WHEN A SLAVE DIES, WHOSE IS THE LOSS?—The South Side *Democrat* thus notices the death of a negro in Virginia:

"A HEAVY LOSS.—The negro man killed on the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville railroad on Friday week, by the caving in of a bank of earth, or rather land slide, belonged to Mr. J. H. Lacey and was valued at $1,200."

A Correspondent of the *Sun* sends the following to that paper, in response to an item in it, a few days since:

"Don Pedro Blanco sold to parties in Florida, in 1836, fifty Africans, which were landed on the Western coast of Florida. The parties are some of them at this time living in this city. The contract was for 200; only 50 were landed."

SLAVE-CATCHERS.—A late number of the Chicago *Tribune* says, it learns from reliable authority that a number of warrants for the arrest of fugitive slaves in that city are now in the hands of the U. S. Marshal. An attempt was made to execute one of these writs on the person of a coloured man, at the McCardle House, on Wednesday last, but failed. *How*, the *Tribune* does not say.

GROWING FISH.—The Cleveland (O.) *City Fact* says that one of the most pleasing things exhibited at their late County Fair was a lot of brook trout, artificially bred by Drs. Garlick and Ackley. They showed several broods of fish in different stages of growth, and have demonstrated that it is just as easy to grow fish as it is fowls, or any other description of food.

STATUE OF JUDGE STORY.—We learn that Mr. William W. Story has finished the statue of his father, the late Justice Story, upon which he has been engaged abroad for some time past, and that it has been shipped from Italy for America. The statue has been seen by a number of gentlemen, competent judges, who have pronounced it a most successful effort and perfect work of art.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Mr. Baker, Postmaster, and editor of a "Democratic" paper at Sandy Hill, N. Y., has lately been removed from the Post Office, for refusing to support the "soft," "rum," Nebraska candidate for Governor. He announces his official death as follows:

"CRUSHED OUT.—The long agony is over. We were relieved from the duties, honours and profits appertaining to the office of Postmaster in this village, on Friday, Oct. 6, at 10 o'clock and one minute P. M., and James M. Moss appointed to fill our place.

"We were thus released from any connection with Frank Pierce and his satinet Cabinet, and humbly ask for a place, once more, among honest and respectable men."

HO! FOR KANSAS.—The train from the East on Tuesday afternoon brought through another large body of emigrants, Kansas bound. On reaching this station, they numbered 160. Eleven more joined them here, making a total of 171. This large party goes out under the care of Mr. J. M. S. Williams, of Cambridge, one of the Trustees of the Emigrant Aid Company. We noticed on going through the cars quite a number of the emigrants with their families; though the majority of this and the preceding parties are young men who leave their families behind till Spring. Among those who joined from this city was Mr. B. S. Richardson, a printer. A finer looking body of young men, for the foundation of the new State, we have never seen. Success attend them. The next party will leave Boston in about three weeks.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, 17th.

FOR KANSAS.—The parties already sent out by the New York Kansas League have amounted altogether to about 600 or 700 persons, and among them have been a number of families. 1,000 or more are preparing to follow this month, many of whom belong to the American Settlement Company, whose leaders went about three weeks since to choose a location, occupy a large tract and lay out a city. This is a stock company, the shares ($5 each) entitling the holder to a vote and a city lot. The plans are matured for the immediate establishment of all the institutions of our refined Eastern society in the new community. All symptoms of opposition to the operations of the friends of liberty in Kansas appear to have ceased.—*Tribune.*

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Richmond *Enquirer* says that the oldest church now existing in the United States is one near Smithfield,

Miscellaneous Department.

SEARCH FOR MAZZINI.

LETTER FROM MAZZINI TO THE MEMBERS OF THE HELVETIC FEDERAL COUNCIL.

GENTLEMEN: You are seeking me everywhere. You are working your telegraph clerks to death. You are alarming peaceful travellers, who are running from Switzerland thinking that she has become an Austrian province. You are ruining your honest, harmless gensd'armes, by teaching them the tricks of detectives. At Lugano you send eighteen police agents to find me in a house where I have never set foot. At Zurich you honour me by buying my portraits. You are determined to have me. Most likely you will not succeed; but suppose, after all, that I am in Switzerland, and that you succeed in taking me. What would you do with me, gentlemen? Will you give me up, and to whom? To the Pope? to Piedmont? to France? or to Austria? That is to say, to Alexandria, to Cayenne, to Spielberg, or to death? You would not dare to do it. I know too well that from time to time, in the Tessin, poor Hungarians are delivered up, who have deserted the banner of the executioner of their country, and who believed themselves safe in touching Swiss ground. This is horrible enough. But it is done in the night, noiselessly like a crime, on the frontier against unknown individuals. But I am known—the crime could not be committed with closed doors—throughout Switzerland, from all parties, a cry of indignation would arise, and the brand of shame would mark your brows for ever with the two letters V. B., valets de bourreau.

You will not, then, do that, gentlemen. But suppose that the surrounding powers refuse me a safe passage through their territories—or suppose that I refuse under your feeble guarantee, to cross a hostile country—will you keep me in perpetual imprisonment? Why? In virtue of what law? What have I done to Switzerland or against Switzerland? Do the Swiss punish with perpetual imprisonment strangers who love their country, and endeavour from time to time to approach it?

There are, amongst you or near you, gentlemen, men who conspired with me in 1833; others who came to press my hand in 1836, at the time of the organization of young Switzerland, of which they approved, and when I was under the ban of an edict of your Diet; others again, who were good enough in 1846 to congratulate me on my conduct at Rome, and to solicit me, the proscribed of your Vororts of other days, to reside in their canton. Could those same men sign, or even allow, without a protest, an order for imprisonment against me? True they were not then in power, and now they are; but is that any reason for condemning me to perpetual imprisonment?

In 1848 I travelled openly through the whole length of Switzerland, with a passport in my own name, meeting only smiling faces and friendly shakes of the hand. The decress which had expelled me from Switzerland were then totally disregarded, or considered annulled by succeeding events. It is true that Italy was then in arms, and on the road to liberty. But do you wish it to be said in Europe that you are full of mercy and forgetfulness towards him who triumphs, and that you proscribe only those who succumb?

Through the bars of my prison, I should remind you every day of these things—I should remind you of them with a smile; but this smile, gentlemen, would then say more against you to every candid mind than all your anger can now say of me.

No, gentlemen, it is not the fugitive of 1836 whom you persecute; he no longer exists; the form even of your Government has changed since then. You persecute in me, you Republicans, the enemy of Austria; and you persecute me, not through any love to Austria—you hate her as much as I do, though with less courage—not because you consider me wicked or culpable—on the contrary, you respect me, gentlemen, in spite of yourselves—you respect me, who remain unchanged; but solely because Austria is strong, and I am weak.

All this my smile would say to you—and it would be echoed by every good and brave heart in Switzerland. Gentlemen, you could neither give me up nor condemn me to perpetual imprisonment. What, then, will you do with me, if some day you succeed in arresting me?

It matters little, do what you will. "*Hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders: Gott helfe mir:*" long ago I took these words of old Luther for my motto. They have protected me till now, and they will do so perhaps yet longer. But what does it signify? and what I feel I must speak a few words on, since in Switzerland every one is silent, it is the persecuting zeal which, with the courage inspired by fear, you display towards all bearing the name of exile—when that name ought only to make them doubly sacred to you; the tyrannical injustice with which you, often without any motive, and in obedience to every note and telegraph dispatch that reaches you from Milan or Paris, imprison men who in their own country have fought by word and by action for the cause that you possess, viz., liberty; the unthinking cruelty with which you invariably drive to England and America, all those who leave your prisons innocent, as if there were no mothers or sisters two steps from the frontier to bewail their departure; and, finally, a series of base, ignoble, nameless arrests accomplished (perhaps unknown to you) by one of your pro-consuls within the last six months in a canton on the frontier.

Switzerland ought to know it. It is not the discovery of some cases of arms which makes you to-day such restless persecutors. You were so yesterday—not only before the blockade of the Tessin frontier or afterwards—but you were persecutors during that time, when Austria repaid each concession with an insult, when your business was to protect your enemy against her, and not against us. You were persecutors systematically, and in a way that degraded your nation in the eyes of friends and enemies alike.

I know your rights, gentlemen, and I respect them. But you exceed them. I belong not to the creed. "*Chacun chez soi, chacun pour soi,*" which you seek to represent, but I accept it. I submit to test your acts by this atheistic formula; and I say that you violate it every instant against us.

You do not protect Switzerland against every menace of the infraction of her neutrality; you intervene ceaselessly against the National Italian party. You play the police, gentlemen, for Austria.

By your political creed you have the right of preventing every contraband importation of arms to Italy—every armed invasion of neighbouring territories—every military enrollment made with such a view—the right, if facts of this nature are discovered, to seek their origin, and punish; the right even, if you will, to confine within proper limits those of the exiles whose presence near the frontier might, in consequence of some real and exceptional influence exercised by them or their compatriots, seem a provocation and defiance. I give you, you see, a large scope, but I tell you that a single step beyond these limits is an act of abject solidarity with Austria, an injustice to us, a violation of your principle and of your banner, of which your constituents ought, for the honour of the country, to demand an account from you.

At Locarno you have caused a young man of the name of Franceschi to be arrested; he was from the Romagno. Upon him were found, amongst his papers, some letters from myself and others, proving that he belonged to our national party—that he was in correspondence with the patriots of his country—that he was preparing to return there in three days from the moment of his arrest; nothing that concerned Switzerland. You sent him to Berne, kept him two months in prison, and then dispatched him without escort to France, on his way to England. This young man will not trouble you again; worn out by grief and imprisonment, he has just died of cholera at Genoa.

Near Lugano you arrested another exile—a Lombard called Bassini. You found on him some letters, from I know not whom, relating to the affairs of his country; not a word touching Switzerland. After three weeks' imprisonment you sent him off to England.

At Coire you sought to arrest Chiassi, a Lombard workman, who is at this moment in London. You caused his room to be searched, and carried off, I know not why, everything he possessed there. This man had just been employed as a railway labourer; he had never left Coire for an instant; you could bring no charge against him—and I here declare, on my honour, that he was entirely innocent of what you call "recent revolutionary practices."

You have at this instant in your prisons at Coire a Lombard refugee, Ghea, against whom you could bring no charge, unless that of being a harmless wanderer in the Engaddine. He is a poor man. He, too, had just found employment on a railway. You sent him away ruined to England. An artist, one of the best men I ever met on earth, beloved by all who knew him in Switzerland and Italy, Scipione Pistrucci, had come to seek a refuge in the Tessin, having been driven away from Piedmont. He died of asthma; he needed fresh air and repose. You had tormented and harassed him. Forced to keep himself concealed in the house of a friend, he died. The two Swiss citizens who received him when he was dying you brought to trial; and, in the midst of their deep grief, you brutally expelled his mother, daughter, and sister, who had come to embrace him for the last time is this world. I could easily swell the list of such facts as these to an indefinite extent, but as I am writing a letter only I must stop. It is evident, gentlemen, that you regard us as a race apart, as a caste of Pariahs and Helots, material for persecution, to be handled at your pleasure, and towards whom you need show neither respect, justice, nor humanity. Gentlemen, we are no Helots. We are your equals in intelligence and in heart. We are combatants in a sacred cause, whom you have applauded each time that this cause has had a successful beginning, and whom you will welcome by the name of brothers as soon as it has triumphed. Begin now to treat us like men, as you ought. Do not insult misfortune—it is cowardly and unworthy. Punish us if we violate your laws by our actions; but respect us as long as you have no proof of such violation. Honour us for our constancy, for our patriotism, for our worship of the ideal. You, men of liberty, and of a republican creed, do not you seek to ape the despotic ways of "*les hommes du bon plaisir?*" And remember that some of your most honourable families bear Italian names, and that some of the great ideas that have made you what you are have come to you from the Italian refugees of the 16th and 17th centuries.

You speak of a place of refuge. Do you offer it to the man or only to his body? We carry our country with us on the side of our feet; do you expect that, in treading the soil of the conspirators of Grutli, we shake it from us like vile dust? We carry away with us, as the Israelite fugitives did with their gods, our ideas, our vows, our love, the remembrance of our dead or dying brethren, the great hopes that God whispers to us in our cradle, the idea of duty which binds us to their realization. Do you exact that we should deliver up all that before entering your territory to Austria? Do you think, like the Jesuits, to take charge of our bodies on condition of debasing and annihilating our souls? Shame! the asylum of the ancients made even crime inviolable; and cannot the asylum of the republicans of the 19th century even protect virtue?

We conspire, you say; we correspond with our friends; we tell them to rise in insurrection. Certainly we do this. May we perish, like parasitical and useless plants, on the day that we cease to do so. But you, how do you know anything about it? Do you, to please Austria, break the seals of our letters? And if you do, do not you feel something in your heart which says to you, "these men are doing their duty; we would do the same if, exiles in a foreign land, we had left our country invaded, tortured, decimated by foreign soldiers!"

Gentlemen, take care. God holds nations responsible as well as individuals for each violation of principle. Think on the future of your country, and forget not that France is now expiating, by Slavery and corruption, the destruction of Rome.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

September 5.

SICK BODY, SICK BRAIN.

OCCASIONAL illustrations of the superstition of the middle ages led us to remark some time ago, on the great prevalence of insanity, caused in the good old times by the mixture of horrible thoughts and lumps of diseased fancy with the ideas common among the people. Of the wretched position of unhappy lunatics, persecuted, maimed, tortured, and burnt by neighbours and magistrates, who accepted as facts all their dulusions, and convicted them by the testimony of their own wild words, some illustrations have been given. The region of superstition that remains yet to be sketched is very rich in produce of this kind. I do not mean to pass into that region now, because it was not by superstion only, or only by that and the oppressive forms of a debased church system, that the minds of men were broken down, powerful agencies as they both were. These moral pestilences acted upon brains that had been first weakened by the physical plagues to which bodies were subject.

We are not free from such afflictions yet. We are at this hour shrinking from the breath of cholera. It comes home to the poor. It comes home to the minister of state. He may sacrifice sanitary legislation to the first comer who attempts to sneer it down, and journey home to find the grateful plague sitting in his own hall ready with the only thanks that it can offer. At this we sincerely grieve, and perhaps tremble; but we know nothing of the terror of a plague as it was terrible in the old times of famine among the poor, wrong living and bad housing among the rich, of townships altogether drainless, of filth, ignorance and horrible neglect. The ravages made formerly in Europe by the small-pox or measles, the dreadful spread of leprosy, the devastation on the path of the black death and the sweating sickness, have no parallel in our day. Extreme as are the sufferings of our poor in the hungry winter season, we understand but faintly the intensity and extent of the distress which the old poet had often seen who wrote—

> Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:
> Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
> Cold doth increase, and sickness will not cease,
> And here we lie, God knows, with little ease,
> From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.

I particularly wish to show how in the good old times men's bodies were wasted, and how there was produced out of such wasting a weakening and wasting of their minds. The treatises of a learned German, Doctor Hecker, on the Epidemics of the Middle Ages (which has been translated for our Sydenham Society by Dr. Babington) will provide an ample fund on which to draw for information. We cannot study rightly sickness of the mind without bringing sickness of the body into question. It is necessary to begin with that.

There was one disease called the black death, the black plague, or the great mortality. The most dreadful visitation of it was one that began in China, spread over Asia, and in the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight, entered Europe. Europe was then, however, not unused to plagues. Six others had made themselves famous during the preceding eight and forty years. The black plague spread from the south of Europe to the north, occupying about three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweden; in three years it had conquered Russia. The fatal influence came among men ripe to receive it. Europe was full of petty war; citizens were immured in cities, in unwholesome houses overlooking filthy streets, as in beleaguered fortresses; for robbers, if not armies, occupied the roads beyond their gates; husbandmen were starving feudal slaves; religion was mainly superstition; ignorance was dense and morals were debased; little control was set upon the passions. To such men came the pestilence, which was said to have slain thirteen millions of Chinese, to have depopulated India, to have destroyed in Cairo fifteen thousand lives a day. Those were exaggerated statement, but they were credited, and terrified the people. Certainly vessels with dead crews drifted about in the Mediterranean, and brought corruption and infection to the shores on which they stranded.

In what spirit did the people, superstitious as they were in those old times, meet the calamity? Many comitted suicide in frenzy; merchants and rich men, seeking to divert the wrath of Heaven from themselves, carried their treasure to the churches and the monasteries; where, if the monks, fearing to receive infection with it, shut their gates against any such offering, it was desperately thrown to them over their walls. Even sound men, corroded by anxiety, wandered about livid as the dead. Houses quitted by their inhabitants tumbled to ruin. By plague and by the flight of terrified inhabitants many thousand villages were left absolutely empty, silent as the woods and fields. The Pope, in Avignon, was forced, because all the church-yards were full, to consecrate as a burial-place the river Rhone, and assure to the faithful an interment, if not in holy ground, at least in holy water. How the dead were carted out of towns for burial in pits, and how the terror of the people coined the fancy that through indecent haste many were hurried out and thrown into those pits while living, everyone knows: it was the incident of plague at all times. Italy was reported to have lost half its inhabitants. The Venetians fled to the islands and forsook their city, losing three men in four; and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two-thirds of the inhabitants were missing. This is the black death which began towards the close of the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight to ravage England; and which Antony Wood says extravagantly, that, at the close of it, scarcely a tenth part of the people of this country remained living.

Churches were shunned as places of infection, but enriched with mad donations and bequests; what little instruction had before been imparted ceased; covetousness increased, and when health returned men were amazed to observe how largely the proportion of lawyers to the rest of the community had been augmented. So many sudden deaths had begotten endless disputes about inheritance. Brothers deserted brothers; even parents fled from their children, leaving them to die untended. The sick were nursed, when they were nursed at all, by greedy hirelings at enormous charge. The wealthy lady, noble of birth, trained in the best refinement of her time, as pure and modest perhaps as she was beautiful, could sometimes hire no better nurse than a street ruffian to minister to her in her mortal sickness. It appears most probable that this pestilence, which historians often dismiss in a paragraph, destroyed a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe. The curious fact follows, which accords with one of the most mysterious of all the certain laws of nature, that the numbers of the people were in some degree replenished by a very marked increase in the fruitfulness of marriage. We know how the poor, lodged in places dangerous to life, surround themselves with little families, and how births multiply as deaths increase among them. To this natural law the attention of men was strongly forced, even at the time of the black plague.

But lesser local pestilences arose incessantly and the bodies of multitudes who were not slain were weakened by the influences that destroyed so many, while, at the same time, few minds escaped the influence of superstitious dread, arising out of such calamities. The best physicians ascribed the black plague to the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars in the sign of Aquarius, which took place about Lady-day, in the year thirteen hundred and forty-five. Such conjunctions always forboded horrors to men, and every plague was in this way connected with the stars. Many a deed that proved the dignity and beauty of man's nature was done quietly during those days of trial; bands of Sisters of Charity at Paris perished in the work of mercy to the sick, and were supplied with unfailing troops of new recruits; but bigotry and folly had the loudest voices, and took possession of the public ear.

Then arose in Hungary, and afterwards in Germany, the Brotherhood of the Flagellants—men and even women and children of all ranks entering the order, marched about towns in procession, each flagellant with a red cross on the breast, back, and cap, and carrying a triple scourge, and all recommended to attention by the pomp of tapers and superb banners of velvet and cloth of gold. They multiplied so fast, and claimed rights so independent—for they even absolved each other—that they came to be regarded by the church as dangerous. They were put down at last by persecution, the enthusiasm of the populace in their behalf being converted into a relentless rage against them.

The rage of the populace was felt most severely by the Jews. Pestilence was ascribed usually in those days to poisoned wells, and the wells, it was said commonly, were poisoned by the Jews. So it was at the time of the black plague. The persecution of the Jews began in those days at Chillon, and spread from Switzerland through Europe. Tortured and maddened, many poor Jews confessed by them, and told horrible tales of powdered basilisk, and of the bags of poison sent among the faithful of Israel from the great Rabbi at Toledo. All the Jews in Basle were shut up in a wooden building and therein smothered and burnt alive. The same fate happened to the Jews at Freyburg. In acquiescence with the popular idea, wells had been bricked over and buckets removed. If, therefore, in any town, a man rose to plead for the unhappy children of Israel, the populace asked why it was, if they were not guilty, that the authorities had covered up the wells. But there was not wanting other evidence: poison bags, which Christians had thrown there, were found in springs. At Spires, the Jews withdrew into their houses and, setting fire to them, burnt themselves and all they had with their own hands. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial-ground—those who, in frantic terror broke their bonds and fled, being pursued and murdered in the street. Only in Lithuania this afflicted people found a place of safety. There they were protected by King Casimir the Great, who loved a Jewish Esther, and the Lithuanian Jews still form a large body of men who have lived in much seclusion, and retained many of the manners of the middle ages.

It was among people weakened physically and mentally by desperate afflictions and emotions that there arose certain dancing manias, which formed a fresh disease, affecting both the body and the mind. The same generation that had seen the terrors of the black death, saw, some twenty years afterwards, men and women dancing in a ring; shrieking, and calling wildly on St. John the Baptist; and at last, as if seized with an epileptic fit, tumbling on the ground, where they desired to be trodden upon and kicked, and were most cheerfully and freely trodden upon and kicked by the bystanders. Their wild ways infected others with diseased bodies and minds, and the disease called St. John's dance, which was supposed to be a form of demoniacal possession, spread over the Netherlands. The St. John's dancers were exorcised and made wonderful confessions. If they had not put themselves under the patronage of St. John (to whose festival pagan rites and dances had been transferred by the Germans) they would have been racked and burnt. Their number increased so fast that men were afraid of them; they communicated to each other morbid fancies; such as a furious hatred of the red colour, with the bull's desire to tear every red cloth to rags, and a detestation of pointed shoes, against which, and other matters of fashion, the priests had declaimed often from their pulpits. The St. John's dancers became so numerous and so violent that, in Liége, the authorities were intimidated; and, in defence to the prejudices of the dancers, an ordinance was issued to the effect that no one should wear any but squaretoed shoes. This madness appeared also at Metz, and Cologne, and extended through the cities of the Rhine.

A similar lunacy broke out some time afterwards at Strasburg, where the dancers were cared for by the town council, and conducted to the chapel of St. Vitus, a youthful saint, martyred in the time of Diocletian. For this saint, because little was known of him, a legend could be made suited to the emergency, in evidence that he, and he alone, was able to cure the dancing plague. The plague, however, spread; and, as the physicians regarded it as a purely spiritual question, it was left to the care of the Church, and even a century later, on St. Vitus's day, women went to the chapel of St. Vitus to dance off the fever that had accumulated in them during the past twelvemonth. But at that time the lunacy was near its end, for I need not say that it had little in common with the disease known as St. Vitus's dance by the physicians of the present day. In its first years it attacked violently people of all ranks, especially those leading sedentary lives, and impelled them to dance even to death sometimes, to dash their brains out against walls, or to plunge into rivers.

Everyone has heard of a madness of this kind that arose in Apulia, among people who had been, or fancied that they had been bitten by a ground spider, called the tarantula. Those who were bitten were said to have become melancholy, very open to the influence of music, given to wild joyous fits of dancing, or to miserable fits of weeping, morbid longings, and fatal paroxysms either of laughter or of sobs. At the close of the 15th century the fear of this malady had spread beyond Apulia. The prison of the tarantula, it was believed, could only be worked off by those in whom it begot a violent energy of dancing—it passed out then with the perspiration; but if any lingered in the blood, the disorder became chronic or intermittent; and the afflicted person would be liable to suffering and melancholy, which, whenever it reached a certain height would be relieved by dancing. The tarantati, or persons bitten by the tarantula, had various whims, and they also had violent preferences for and antipathies to colours. Most of them were wild in love of red many were excited by green objects, and so forth. They could only dance to music, and to music of certain tunes which were called tarantellas, and one man's tarantella would not always suit another. Some needed a quick tune, others a melancholy measure, others a suggestion of green fields in the music as well as in the words that always went with it. Nearly all tarantati required some reference to water, were mad in longing for the sea, and would be ecstatic at the sight of water in a pan. Some even would dance with a cup of water in their hands, or plunge their heads after dancing in a tub of water, set for them, and trimmed with rushes. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the cure of the tarantati was attempted on a grand scale. Bands of musicians went among the villages, playing tarantellas; and the woman were so especially interested in this way of bringing relief to the afflicted, that the period of tarantella-playing was called "the women's little carnival." The good creatures saved up their spare money to pay for the dances, and deserted their household duties to assist at them. One rich lady, Mita Lupa, spent her whole fortune on these works of charity.

A direction was often given by this little carnival to the thoughts of hysterical women. They sickened as it approached, danced, and were for a season whole; but the tarantati included quite as many men as women. Even the sceptic could not shake off the influence of general credulity. Gianbatista Quinzato, Bishop of Foligno, suffered himself, in bravado, to be bitten by a tarantula; but to the shame of his episcopal gravity, he could obtain a cure only by dancing.

When bodies are ill-housed or ill-nourished, or by late sickness or other cause depressed, as most men's bodies were in the middle ages, minds are apt to receive morbid impressions. The examples just given show how rapidly across such tinder the fire of a lunatic fancy spreads. People abounded who were even glad to persuade themselves that they were changed into wolves every night, that they were witches, or that they were possessed by demons.

About fifty years ago, a young woman of strong frame, visited a friend in one of the Berlin hospitals. On entering a ward she fell down in strong convulsion. Six female patients who saw her became at once convulsed in the same way; and, by degrees, eight others passed into the same condition for four months; during which time two of the nurses followed their example. They were all between sixteen and twenty-five years old.

In a Methodist chapel at Redruth a man cried suddenly, "What shall I do to be saved?" and made contortions expressive of severe distress. Other members of the congregation very shortly afterwards uttered the same words, and seemed to suffer excruciating pain. The occurrence having excited curiosity, the new complaint spread through all the adjacent towns of Camborne, Penzance, Truro, Helstone, Falmouth, and the intervening villages. It was an epidemic confined to Methodist chapels, and people of the lowest class; it consisted always in the utterance of the same words, followed by convulsions. Within no very long time, four thousand people had become affected by the malady. A somewhat similar disorder has prevailed for a long time in the Shetland Islands.

Other madnesses of this kind, will occur to the minds of many readers. There is not necessarily deceit or hypocrisy in such outbreaks: they are contemporary illustrations, each on a small scale, of a kind of mental disorder which was one of the most universal of the sorrows of the middle ages. Men were liable in masses to delusions so absurd, and so sincere, that it is impossible to exclude from a fair study of the social life of our forefathers a constant reference to such unsound conditions of their minds.—*Household Words.*

IDEAL OF BEAUTY IN PLANTS.

Now there is this difference between the positions held in creation by animals and plants, and thence in the dispositions with which we regard them; that the animals, being for the most part locomotive, are capable both of living where they chose, and of obtaining what food they want, and of fulfilling all the conditions necessary to their health and perfection. For which reason they are answerable for such health and perfection, and we should be displeased and hurt if we did not find it in one individual as well as another.

But the case is evidently different with plants. They are intended fixedly to occupy many places comparatively unfit for them, and to fill up all the spaces where greenness, and coolness, and ornaments, and oxygen are wanted, and that with very little reference to their comfort or convenience. Now it would be hard upon the plant if, after being tied to a particular spot, where it is indeed much wanted, and is a great blessing, but where it has enough to do to live, whence it cannot move to obtain what it wants or likes, but must stretch its unfortunate arms here and there for bare breath and light, and split its way among rocks, and grope for sustenance in unkindly soil; it would be hard upon the plant, I say, if under all these advantages, it were made answerable for its appearance, and found fault with because it was not a fine plant of the kind. And so we find it ordained that in order that no unkind comparisons may be drawn between one and another, there are not appointed to plants the fixed number, position, and proportion of members which are ordained in animals (and any variation from which in these is unpardonable), but a continually varying number and position, even among the more freely growing examples, admitting therefore all kinds of license to those who have enemies to contend with, and that without in any way detracting from their dignity and perfection.

So then there is no trees no perfect form which can be fixed upon or reasoned out as ideal; *but that is always an ideal oak which, however poverty-stricken, or hunger-pinched, or tempest-tortured, is yet seen to have done, under its appointed circumstances, all that could be expected of oak.*

The ideal, therefore, of the park oak is that to which I alluded in the conclusion of the former part of this work, full size, united terminal curve, equal and symmetrical range of branches on either side. The ideal of the mountain oak may be anything, twisting, and leaning, and shattered, and rock-encumbered, so only that amidst all its misfortunes, it maintains the dignity of oak; and indeed look upon this kind of tree as more ideal than the other, in so far as by its efforts and struggles, more of its nature, enduring power, patience in waiting for, and ingenuity in obtaining what it wants, is brought out, and so more of the essence of oak exhibited, than under more fortunate conditions.

And herein, then, we at last find the cause of that fact which we have twice already noted, that the exalted or seemingly improved condition, whether of plant or animal, induced by human interference, is not the true and artistical ideal of it. It has been well shown by Dr. Herbert, that many plants are found alone in a certain soil or sub-soil in a wild state, not because such soil is favourable to them, but because they alone are capable of existing on it, and because all dangerous rivals are by its inhospitality removed. Now if we withdraw the plant from this position, which it hardly endures, and supply it with the earth, and maintain about it the temperature that it delights in, withdrawing from it at the same time all rivals which, in such conditions nature would have thrust upon it, we shall indeed obtain a magnificently developed example of the plant, colossal in size, and splendid in organization, but we shall utterly lose in it that moral ideal which is dependent on its right fulfillment of its appointed functions. It was intended and created by the Deity for the covering of those lonely spots where no other plant could live; it has been thereto endowed with courage, and strength, and capacities of endurance unequaled; its character and glory are not, therefore, in the gluttonous and idle feeling of its own over-luxuriance at the expense of other creatures utterly destroyed and rooted out for its good alone, but in the right doing of its hard duty, and forward climbing into those spots of forlorn hope where it alone can bear witness to the kindness and presence of the Spirit that cutteth out rivers among the rocks, as it covers the valleys with corn: and then, in its vanward place, and only then, where nothing is withdrawn for it, nor hurt by it, and where nothing can take part of its honour, or usurp its throne, are its strength, and fairness, and price, and goodness in the sight of God to be truly esteemed.

The first time that I saw the Soldanella Alpina it was growing, of magnificent size, in a sunny Alpine pasture, among bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of gesim montanum, and ranunculus pyrenæus. I noticed it only because new to me, nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after I found it alone, among the rock of the higher clouds, and howling of glacier winds, and piercing through an edge of avalanche, which in its retiring had left the new ground brown and lifeless, and as if burned by recent fire; the plant was poor and feeble, and seemingly exhausted by its efforts, but it was then that I comprehend its ideal character, and saw its noble function and order of glory among the constellations of the earth.

The Ranunculus Glacialis might perhaps, by cultivation, be blanched from its wan and corpse-like paleness to purer white, and won to more branched and lofty development of its ragged leaves. But the ideal of the plant is to be found only in the last, loose stones of the moraine, alone there, wet with the cold, unkindly drip of the glacier water, and trembling as the loose and steep dust to which it clings yields ever and anon, and shudders and crumbles away from about its roots.

And if it be asked how this conception of the utmost beauty of ideal form is consistent with what we formerly argued respecting the pleasantness of the appearance of felicity in the creature, let it be asserted, and forever held, that the right and true happiness of every creature is in this very discharge of its function, and in those efforts by which its strength and inherent energy are developed; and that the repose of which we also spoke as necessary to all beauty, is, as was then stated, repose not of inanition, nor of luxury, nor of irresolution, but the repose of magnificent energy and being; in action, the calmness of trust and determination; in rest, the consciousness of duty accomplished and of victory won; and this repose and this felicity can take place as well in the midst of trial and tempest as beside the waters of comfort; they perish only when the creature is unfaithful to itself, or is afflicted by circumstances unnatural and malignant to its being, and or the contending with which it was neither fitted nor ordained. Hence that rest which is indeed glorious is of the chamois couched breathless on his granite bed, not of the stalled ox over his fodder; and that happiness which is indeed beautiful is in the bearing of those trial tests which are appointed for the proving of every creature, whether it be evil; and in the fulfilment to the uttermost of every command it has received, and the outcarrying to the uttermost of every power and gift it has gotten from its God.—*Ruskin.*

THE WILBERFORCE FAMILY—THEIR SECESSION FROM THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

[From the Correspondence of the Western Christian Advocate.]

THE religious world has been somewhat startled by the retirement of Archdeacon Wilberforce from the Established Church. He was to have been put upon trial for heresy, on account of his published opinions on the sacrament of the eucharist, but he very conveniently finds out that he has a conscientious objection to the doctrine of the royal supremacy, and, therefore, recalls his subscription, resigns his preferments, and puts himself, he says, so far as he is able, in the position of a lay member of the English Church.

One cannot forbear the reflection how grievously the Wilberforce family—the four clerical sons of the celebrated William Wilberforce—have disappointed the expectations cherished relative to their influence for good upon the state church of Great Britain. The name of Wilberforce, in the past generation, was closely associated with piety, enlightened and exalted; and philanthropy the most pure and patriotic. Wilberforce, the father, was one of the greatest orators of the day; a leader in the crusade to wipe the blot of slavery from the British escutcheon; the friend of Pitt, and a member of the House of Commons for more than half a century. About 1797, seeing the disorganized state of society, he conceived the idea of reinstating it according to the Christian model. With this high purpose in view, he wrote and published his "Practical View of the Prevailing Religious Systems," a book which was the chief instrument in the conversion of Dr. Thomas Chalmers. This work created a great sensation in England, and has contributed much to a change of morals, more particularly among the higher classes. This wonderful book has passed through innumerable editions, and may be found translated into several different languages.

When it became known that no fewer than four of the sons of this illustrious man had renounced the world and entered the church, the fact, among the pious members of the establishment, was matter of congratulation, and anticipations of no ordinary character were indulged in concerning their devotion to the cause of religion. Years passed away; the students became parsons; the parsons, vaulting on the eminence of their father's fame, soon rose in the church, one a vicar, another an archdeacon, and another a bishop. William, the eldest, was the first to belie the bright promises of future usefulness; he has withdrawn from public life, and his wife has given herself up to the Papacy. The next to break the bonds was Henry, the vicar of Farleigh, a living of £1,000 per annum. Honest in his convictions, he declared himself a Roman Catholic, and severed his connection with his English establishment. In his published statements, at the time, he affirmed that he must either leave the Anglican Church, or run the risk of falling into rationalism—that it only remained for him to enter the fold of the Romish church, in which he recognised all the characteristics of truth, unity, universality, apostolicity—the same in all times and in all countries, from Saint Peter down to Pius IX, from one extremity of the earth to the other. Henry is now active in the service of the Romish Church in Ireland.

And now Robert, the archdeacon, has, after being suspected of Romanizing tendencies for the last three years, and with a citation hanging over his head to appear before the ecclesiastical courts, transmitted his resignation to his superior. His ostensible reason, as stated in his letter, is an insuperable objection to the "royal supremacy"—and herein he is right; but it is believed that his real reasons are withheld, and that his retirement is a step in the ripening process into full-blown Popery.

It is no secret that the remaining brother, slippery Sam, as he is called, the Bishop of Oxford, has expressed his approval of his brother's sentiments, as published in his book on the sacrament of the Lord's supper; and in the published correspondence between him and Mr. Brock, the Bishop appears to anything but advantage. He clearly feels that he has the worst of it, and it is easy to observe he deeply regrets that he ever meddled with the matter. The question is a curious one: will the Bishop of Oxford so commit himself as to be constrained to follow the example of his brothers, or will he cling to his high office, taking advantage of his position to diffuse the deadly virus of Popery, as far as he is able, through the English State Church?

AN ENGLISH ITINERANT.

England, September 15, 1854.

Some time since [says the *Tribune*] a French lady named Madame de Grandfort was announced to give public lectures in this town, and did it to the great admiration of the City journals generally. We were also requested to publish puffs, but declined, not having had the advantage of hearing her performances. It seems that the person who bored us in her behalf has inflicted himself on our cotemporaries at the West till the *St. Louis Democrat*, in self-defense, publishes one of his efforts as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR: I send to you some extraits from zee newspapier in Nlle Orleans. Be enough kind to make wiz them (corrected) a *warm article* for ze lecture *nouvelle*, of vich I have speak to you. Zat is for to-morrow—next day I vill go you to see, and take some arrangements to have an editorial articule wiz an announcement every day.

"I present to you, my dear Sir, my best salutation of *confrere*. MANOEL DE GRANFORT."

"13 April."

"Madame de Granfort, just arrive in our cite, will pronounce next Mondal von lecture in french on *ze influence of ze femme in ze assorted ages of humanite.*

"Madame de Grandefort is ze same lady vich under de name of Madame ——— make ze last year in New-Orleans lectures zat had ze greatest success."

"Extracts translated from ze *Courier* and *Bee*, of New-Orleans:

"'Madame de Gradofort is a lady, yet very young, wiz a physiognomie sweet and serious at once, wiz warm agreements of colours, and beautiful and burning eyes. Her oblong head (vich remembers a little ze Rachel's lines), is adorned wiz hair black and slickey, and her body, flexible and graceous like her voice, make her a most charmante personne.

"'To say all about her at once and ze same time, she is as eloquence as handsome.

"'On that subject, *ze cotemporary facts*, she has embroidered ze most riche *causerie* ever made. Her style is of von eclat vich dizzles. Her appreciations are said wiz zat warmth, zat make de proper of intelligent women.

"'Give soon to us, Madame, a new *Causerie*; dere is von infinise of attraction in zat splendid style, vich by and by, you owe to ze magnifique sky under vich you were born.'"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Queen Victoria is said to be once more in an "interesting situation"

——A design for a Waterloo medal (a "folly" of Geo. IV.), now lying in the archives of the Mint, cost the country no less than £12,500, paid to an Italian.

——The committee appointed to distribute the 1,500,000 francs appropriated by Louis Napoleon in satisfaction of Napoleon I.'s legacy to the "officers and soldiers who fought for the glory and independence of the nation from 1792 to 1815," have received upwards of a hundred thousand applications!

——The *Mode*, a Paris journal conducted by Viscount d'Arlincourt and a little knot of legitimists, has been suspended for two months for a violent article against Lord Palmerston. A delicate attention of this kind must be rather embarrassing to his lordship, since, with the best wishes in the world to support the *entente cordiale*, he can hardly expect to see such a revolution in the manners and customs prevalent in England as would enable him to return the compliment in kind.

——Some one has made known an observation which the Emperor of the French made to the Duke of Cambridge, on the occasion of his recent passage through Paris: "I am astonished," said the Duke, "to observe the facility with which you have obtained possession of your throne among a people who yesterday hardly knew you." "Betwixt one king who fled, and another who dared not come," said Louis Napoleon, "it was absolutely necessary that monarchical France should take me."

——The London *Athenæum*, speaking of Carey's Facts about Copyright, says:

"One who knew Mrs. Hemans perfectly, and who loves her memory too well to bear in quiet such a vulgar misrepresentation as that of Mr. Carey, writes to protest in the strongest terms against the use of her name and circumstances for such a purpose and in such an argument. It was simply not the fact, says our correspondent, that 'Mrs. Hemans lived and died in poverty'—as hundreds of persons moving in all circles of London society are all aware. As we said last week, the 'facts' of Mr. Carey are as baseless as his reasoning is illogical."

——When John Martin painted his celebrated picture of "The Last Man," in which was depicted with such wonderful and awful effect a man standing alone, with uplifted hands, apparently overwhelmed with the conviction that he was the *last* man, no one ever imagined who that last man would be; but it is now probable (says the *Western Times*) that it will be the sextou of Exmouth Church. for the vicar in his sermon last Sunday, said: "At the last day, some will have been in their graves but a year or a day; or perhaps in this church-yard, whilst the sexton is performing the last rites to a corpse, the coffin will burst before his eyes, and the body ascend, to the astonishment of the wondering sexton."

——A DOMESTIC DIFFERENCE.—In the London *Times* appear the two following advertisements, the one immediately after the other:

FLOWN AWAY from a villa in St. John's Wood, a most charming GREY PARROT. It is a very lively bird; and although its articulation is indistinct, it will talk for hours with the greatest ardour. Whoever has caught it is pressingly requested to treat the sweet creature well, not to pay attention to its biting, and to return it to its inconsolable mistress, who will pay a reward of Three Guineas.

Address Mrs. DE POPPELIN, Acroceraunia Cottage, St. John's Wood.

FLOWN AWAY from a Cottage in St. John's Wood, a GREY PARROT, that can be recognised by its never speaking a word, but screeching for hours at a time in the most disgusting way without any occasion. Whoever has caught it, and will deliver it *stuffed* to the undersigned address, shall receive Four Guineas and grateful thanks.

Mr. DE POPPELIN,
Acroceraunia Cottage, St. John's Wood.

——RUINS OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.—It is stated in the *Daily News* that Captain Newenham, an Admiralty agent on the Southampton station, who has just returned from Alexandria, visited while there the ruins of the Alexandrian Library. A large mound in Alexandria has been believed for ages to mark the spot where once stood the famous library which was burned by the Caliph Omar. This mound is now in process of removal. Splendid houses are to be built on its site. While Captain Newenham was there, an immense stone of blue granite was dug out, which weighed several tons, and is covered with apparently Coptic letters. The Captain was unable to take a tracing of these letters. Beneath the mound, the remains of a building, something like a star fort have been discovered, and masses of double columns—also signs of wells of water, and of places for heating. The brickw